THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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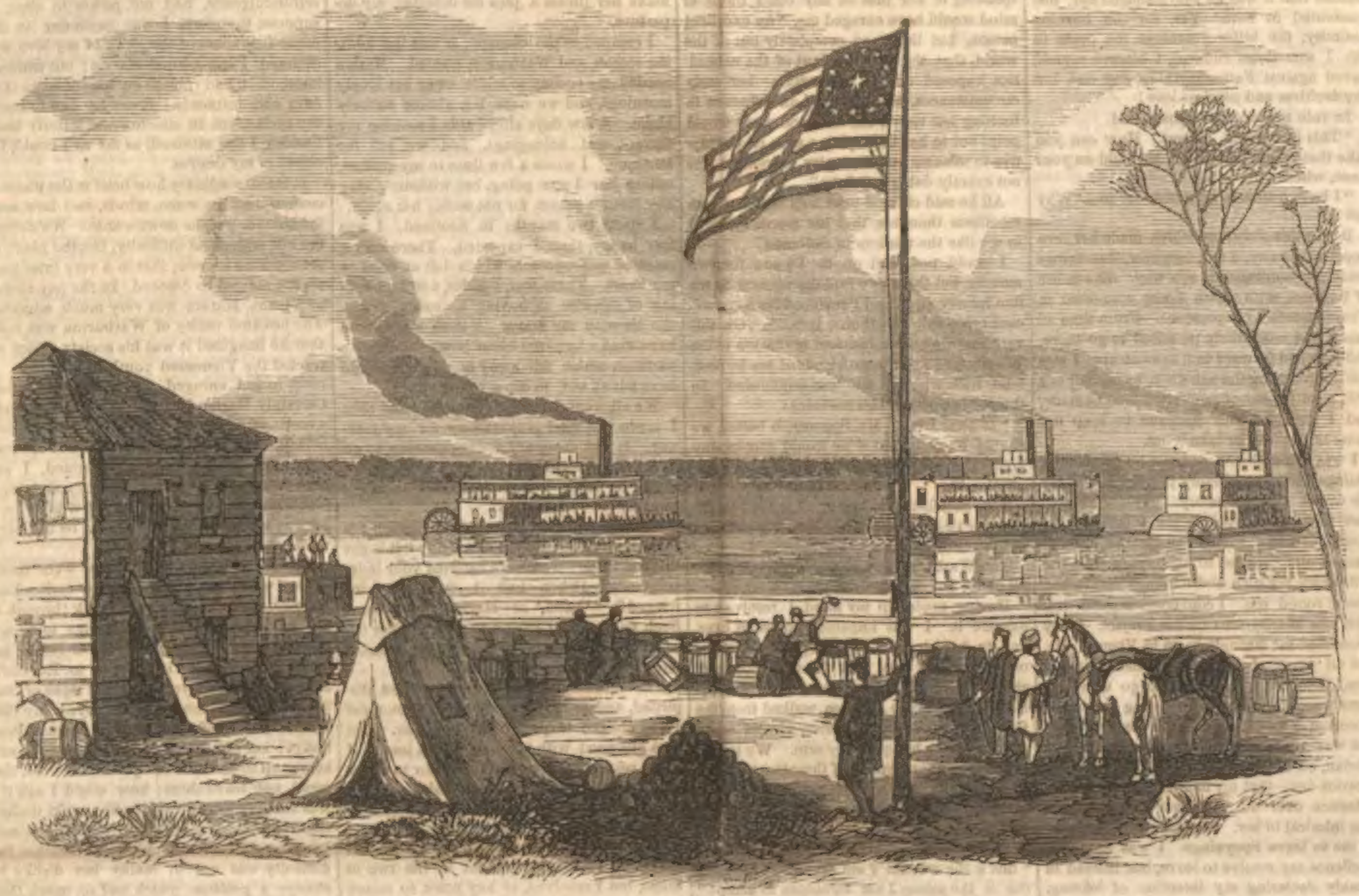

PASSAGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, BY SIX DIVISIONS OF GEN. POPE'S ARMY, FROM NEW MADRID, TO ATTACK THE REBEL POSITION AT ISLAND NO. 10, IN THE REAR, APRIL 7.

New Madrid will henceforth be famous in our history as the scene of one of the most remarkable exploits in military annals—the capture of 5,000 men, three Generals, and an immense store of arms and munitions of war on an adjacent island, which had been elaborately fortified! In our last we illustrated the remarkable engineering triumph of Col. Bissell. The army which crossed afterwards was divided into six divisions:

First Division—Gen. Stanley—1st Brigade, Col. Kellogg commanding; Forty-third Ohio regiment, Sixty-fifth Ohio regiment; 2d Brigade, Col. Groesbeck commanding; Twenty-seventh Ohio regiment, Thirty-ninth Ohio regiment.

Second Division—Gen. Hamilton—1st Brigade, Col. Worthington commanding; Fifth Iowa, Tenth Iowa; 2d Brigade, Twenty-sixth Missouri.

Third Division—Gen. Palmer.

Fourth Division—Gen. Paine—1st Brigade, Col. Cumming commanding; Twenty-second Illinois, Fifty-first Illinois; 2d Brigade, Fortieth Illinois, Sixteenth Illinois, Fifty-first Illinois.

Fifth Division—Gen. Plummer.

Sixth Division—Gen. Gordon Granger—And is composed of cavalry and artillery; the latter of which is commanded by Major Lathrop, U. S. A.

Gen. Paine's, the Fourth Division, was the first to cross. The Terry led the way, then followed the Trio, the Emma, and the Gilmore. The star-strewn flag fluttering from the fore, they puffed rapidly down stream, the crowd of troops standing in line along the bank making the air heavy with cheers. There was no firing. The cannonading had ceased for an hour or more. They could not tell whether resistance would be offered, but every man was ready. The landing was peacefully effected. Our men marched ashore and were ordered into line. The more curious part of the crowd who were not under orders, and the principal officers, surveyed the mutilated fort. The enemy's camp, a mile back, was also visited and ransacked. Only two companies of men had been stationed there, who had fled after the bombardment.—"*Frank Leslie's Paper.*"

GIVING AND KEEPING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I do not love you! take the truth to ponder!
Your presence does not quicken pulse or heart;
I do not smile to greet your daily coming,
Or sigh when comes the hour for us to part.

I do not miss you when you are not with me;
I count no hours away from you as slow;
You have no power to sadden or to cheer me,
To pale or flush my cheek with cold or glow.

I love no other! earth has no claim on me!
The grave has covered up my life and light;
I've laid my heart within a dead man's coffin,
It slumbers there amid the gloom and night.

Nay—say not time will bring me absolution;
Time's march is impotent to wound or heal;
My love is dead—'twill know no resurrection!
Life is extinct when there's no power to feel!

And knowing all, if still you dare to ask me
To go through life a statue by your side,
I grant the boon. The hand you press is marble!
The lips you kiss Love crimsons not, but Pride!

Yet, bring the bridal veil and orange blossoms,
And bind the midnight shadows of my hair
With all their snowy fleeciness and fragrance,
And star my bosom with your diamonds rare!

But know once more my love is never for you!
Henceforth through life I live and breathe alone;
Joined unto me by bands no law can sever,
You wed a woman with a soul of stone!

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

I returned to England. I wrote to my mother that I was miserable, that I had tried everything, but that I despaired of all but her love. A mother's love never fails. I had left her negligently, I had been two years absent, during which I had lived a life of utter self-indulgence, and now that the bitter harvest was being reaped by me, I wished to fly to her to save me from myself. I told her I wanted nothing but home and her. I do not know whether I deceived myself, I know I deceived my mother entirely. She believed that a season of repose and home affection would in truth heal the wounds of my soul, and that, afterwards, the good qualities (for which she fondly gave me credit would be developed and exercised. The magnetic impulse which lured me to England, I scarcely avowed to myself, and it was totally unsuspected by her. Her heart, a little chilled by my past conduct, sprung back at once with the idea that I needed her, and prepared out of the abundance of her affection a home in which I could renew the peace and freshness of my soul.

I arrived in London. Two days afterwards I met Warburton in the street. He recognized me; he was delighted to see me, and insisted on taking me home to see his wife. They were just passing through London, and were staying at an hotel. His clear, metallic voice, and sharp enunciation sounded on my ears, but his words made little impression on me. I had an insane wish, I remember, to strangle him as he spoke, and yet I listened with a strange interest—he was hers. We entered; all the self-control I possessed, little enough, God knows, could scarcely support me as I saw her.

"Are you not well?" asked the rich, melancholy voice, and Marian, more beautiful than ever, stood before me.

I muttered something about Venice and illness. My little friend Harry ran up to me, and asked me to look at his baby sister. Seated on the ground at her mother's feet, circled by toys, sat a lovely little baby girl.

"My Nina," said Marian.

We spoke on common subjects; her husband fidgetted about the room, settling the baby's dress, correcting the boy's behavior, and calling out his cut and dried observations about the weather, politics, and fashionable gossip, with the fussy and hard mediocrity peculiar to him. I felt cold and constrained. I talked of Italy, of my pleasant travels, of my home-sickness, of Fanny, and of my mother, as if my heart was there, and not here. Marian looked at me with soft and penetrating eyes. I could act content no longer; I stammered and turned pale. She knew she still held my heart in her hand, and her line of conduct was, I am sure, instantly resolved upon. That woman wrecked me as completely as a false light on a rock wrecks a vessel. In absence, I had felt hate, scorn, rage; beside her, all died away, and the old fascination asserted its power. She was there; what could I do but love?

After a time I took my leave, more hopeless, more broken-hearted than before. The Warburtons were to leave town the next day, on a tour of visits. The next day I went down to Speyninga.

My mother received me with the tenderest welcome. Her heart was large enough to cover my deficiencies, her nature rich enough to inspire mine with warmth and happiness. For a time only. At first I was touched by her generosity, and made resolves to put aside the weakness of my soul, to bury the Past, to turn to the Future; but these resolves were as unstable as the weak and fickle nature that made them.

By way of bidding an eternal farewell to my weak love, I went to the Grange, a day or two after I arrived. I did not enter the house, but wandered like a lost soul among the grounds. When I returned, I thought I would go to some of the cottages I had visited with Marian. I thought "this is the last day of weakness, let me have it out. At home I cannot speak of her, here these poor people will give me the last opportunity." I did so; I wandered among them, and heard praises of the ladies collectively, but I had not the felicity of hearing any particular mention of my idol. In one of the cottages a child was crying at the door as I entered. I gathered from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in. The woman was delirious, and talking in hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought I heard her say, "Miss Marian, her that was Miss Compton."

I went up to the bed, and tried to smooth the pillows under her feverish head, and bent low over her to hear what she said, but it was in vain. I did not give up my post till the husband and the doctor arrived. Her ravings had become more and more inarticulate.

"Good God! Mr. Spencer," said the doctor, as he came in, "are you aware that woman is dying of typhus fever?"

I involuntarily shrank back. The poor husband was pouring out thanks to me. He thought it was a charitable impulse which had brought me and kept me there. I offered all that was necessary, and returned home.

I was taken ill that evening. The shock my nerves (I will not say my heart) had sustained had told sufficiently on my general health to make me very susceptible to infection, and easily overcome by it. I was taken ill that evening, and remained for six weeks between life and death.

As I recovered, memory seemed to awake more vividly than ever. I passed from frenzy to despondency, and at last sunk into a hopeless kind of lethargy, which must have been trying in the extreme to those with me. My mother exerted every faculty of her mind to uphold, to soothe, and to console. She was indefatigable; but the misery with which she heard my confessions and witnessed my struggles seemed to eat into her heart. Every day she was paler and more careworn. A nurse in a fever ward gets that look, when the strength of the strongest is undermined by nightly watchings, and breathing daily impure air. Sharing the sufferings and sorrows of an impure soul is not less fatal and health-destroying. There was the natural feeling of her own impotency to do me any good, which was like wormwood in a mother's heart; and added to this, my abrupt transitions from tenderness to coldness, partook so much more of the character of disease than of natural filial affection, that she was tried almost beyond the powers of woman.

There are some women for whom the Catholic legend of the heart pierced by seven swords is literally true. My poor mother! her conjugal and maternal affection were the trials of her warm affectionate nature. In both she was wretched.

I had as little pity for her as for any one else, and her own life had been latterly so calm and peaceful, all her feelings had so merged and concentrated themselves into that of maternity, that she suffered from my mental sufferings as much as if our existences had been one. There were moments when my petulance and violence terrified her for my reason, there were days when my voiceless depression wrung her heart. My acquaintance with Veronica, and its fatal termination, I concealed from her, but nothing else in my life, and the retrospect was a sad one.

I made no effort at self-control. The whole man was weakened, physically and mentally, and I gave way to whatever feeling was foremost.

Change of air was recommended to me, and we went to the sea-side. Fanny had been all this time absent on a visit to some friends, and was not to return for many weeks; I had not seen her since my return. My mother and I were alone. When I urged her to send for Fanny as a help and assistance to her, she positively, and almost sternly, refused.

I have a deep conviction that it is a trial which only the elect of human beings can bear scatheless, to be loved entirely and utterly by another. It requires a depth, a generosity, an abundance, in one's own nature. I felt oppressed. The strength of the great love which my mother felt for me was too much for my heart's vitality. The glowing sunshine extinguishes the feeble fire. It made me very happy at times; at others, I felt there was an inadequateness, an insufficiency in myself which was fatal.

"You are too earnest, mother," I used to say; "one should skim but not dive into subjects as you do."

"When you are as old as I am, Hubert, you will understand that life must be accepted earnestly, if we would make anything of it."

Sometimes I would say to her I felt unworthy of such love as hers. She would smile tenderly and say:

"It is only the natural difference of feeling. It is always one who loves, and one who is loved. Mine is the best share. It is better, believe me, to love, than be loved: the loving love longer than the beloved. Be contented that it should be so."

"Contented!" I said, with wonder.

"Yes; I can imagine circumstances which would make you wish you could fly from that love, when its very intenseness might seem a reproach; all I ask, then, from you, is patience. Bear with it: God knows, Hubert, I only ask you to fulfill your own happiness; I seek none for myself; but do you seek it where my wishes and prayers can go with you?"

One evening I was resting on the sofa, when a little confusion was heard, and Henry Warburton walked in. I received him with open arms.

"We are staying in the neighborhood," he said; "and we heard accidentally you had been ill, and my wife wished to know how you were getting on, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Mrs. Spencer, how is he?" He waited for no reply, but went on.

"Pale, I think—pulled down; but we will soon put you to rights."

I introduced him to my mother. I saw at once that he made a peculiarly unpleasant impression on her. I was perverse enough to resent her coolness to him as a wrong to myself; I felt annoyed, and showed it.

What an odd, inconsistent wish I had to please that man! If he were my friend, I could be his wife's. He was most willing, I saw, to be my friend. He had been well tutored. Besides that, he was flattered by my evident desire to please him. I had a certain reputation for talent, and it delighted him to perceive the attention which I paid to his opinions, and the deference with which I agreed with his views. I was the heir to great wealth; I was an excellent friend to have. If his own personal influence, aided by his wife's beauty and good-nature, could make me a friend, I was the best card he could hold. My connection with the great mercantile house at Vienna was not severed by my father's death, or my own reluctance to join it. Till I was five-and-twenty my name (as a sleeping partner, however,) was on their books, and in all their transactions. Well made use of, this was a key which might open the way to millions. I was much too important a person not to be courted by Harry Warburton. His frank, gentlemanlike manner (somewhat patronizing, as became our difference of age) concealed his designs from others; but I was shrewd enough to detect them at once. Yet, so deceitful is the heart of man, that had any one asked me my opinion of Warburton, I should have spoken of him in the warmest manner; I tried to persuade myself I thought so; I sought to convince my mother. It was here that the hitch between us made itself felt. For myself, my sufferings and my fruitless pain she could have the tenderest pity; but for all this sophistry, this endeavor to reason black into white she had no feeling but indignation.

Warburton stayed two days. It would have been amusing for a disinterested spectator to have observed how he fussed himself into the management of everything, from the shelling of the shrimps for breakfast to the blacking of the boots, including all the cares of my sick room. We were left almost entirely together. He told me he and his wife would be at the Grange in a week, and would stay there a long time. From some things he said, I discovered that his affairs were very much disordered and involved, from the failure of a house of business in which he had deposited his funds for some speculative purpose; but the bank had failed just as he was about to draw on the money, the realized bulk of almost his entire property; at one blow it had gone; they had but a pittance left. So much for his vaunted worldly shrewdness. He spoke so generously of his resolve to bear all the inevitable privations, and spare them to his wife, that I was more and more charmed with him, and vowed in my heart of hearts that if he would permit it my best efforts should tend to the same purpose. I resolved at once to return to Speyninga. My mother was pleased with this desire to return home, and gladly commenced preparations for our departure. I had in our long confidential communications told her so much, promised her so many times to endeavor to overcome my fatal passion, that though she could not tolerate my hasty friendship for Warburton, it did not strike her that this sudden wish to return to Speyninga might be identical with the Warburtons' visit to the Grange; indeed she was ignorant of this.

I remember that at the prospect of some delay which might have detained us a day or two at Ilfracombe, I flew into a towering rage. The effect was so inadequate to the cause, and was altogether so preposterous, that she looked at me with astonishment. She recollected it afterwards, and understood it as a proof how deep-laid a plan I had formed to persevere in my folly; or rather, as it seemed to her, and was in fact, my sin.

We returned. I bore the journey well. We slept one night in town. I had a disturbed and restless night; but as soon as I awoke I found my mother at my side. My least movement seemed always to be heard by her, and roused her to see if I needed anything. She would sit for hours by my bedside—even after the exigencies of my illness required it—ready to smooth a pillow, to draw a curtain, in short, to soothe and calm my restlessness. Often, after hours of almost delirious tossings to and fro on my feverish couch, I have found myself gradually drop into a peaceful sleep, and on waking refreshed the next morning have found myself in her arms, hushed to forgetfulness, as in the days of my infancy. I noticed that this trying kind of life was destroying her own health. Her nerves were shattered and her strength enfeebled; but I was regardless of all.

The afternoon of the day we arrived, as I was waiting in anxious expectation, the door of the room in which we sat was opened, and to my mother's infinite surprise—for she did not know they were at the Grange—the War-

burtons entered. Marian sank rather than sat on a chair at my side, Warburton talked so loudly and quickly that nothing but his voice was heard. When I looked round my mother had left the room. Marian threw back her veil and there was a pulor on her bright cheek. She asked me most affectionately after my health. The extreme reticence of her manner which suggested so much, though it expressed so little, seemed by its wordless tenderness to reconcile me to irrevocable fate. I drank deeper and deeper of the poison. It was not happiness, but there was a sweetness in the misery I suffered that was as thrilling as happiness. From that day there lay a sword between my mother's heart and mine, but the sharp blade cut into hers. She believed that I had acted a part—she attributed my coming to England to a predetermined plan, and she recoiled from being a participator, even passively, in what seemed to her sin. As long as I appeared open and candid with her—as long as I suffered her to share my sorrow with me—she was indefatigable, but when, instead of seeking to repress the fatal feeling which had ruined my life, I indulged it in a covert and dishonorable manner, she confessed to herself with unutterable sorrow that she was defeated, and yielded up all hopes of my effectual recovery from the moral disease which had enervated my character and prostrated my energies.

I cared for no remonstrances of hers. I was at Speynings, Marian was at the Grange. Till my health was established she came almost daily to see me, but as soon as I was able to visit in my turn she desisted. My mother's coldness to her was invariable. I went continually to the Grange. We were always engaged in parties of pleasure which drew me more and more from home, and I stayed there for days. *En tout bien, en tout honneur.* Warburton always invited me; Marian was pleased and consented, but nothing more;—no husband could have been jealous. Consummate art was shown by both. Her husband, though he knew my adoration for his wife, and though he was resolved never to allow it to manifest itself beyond a certain point, (he was not an absolute villain,) affected to ignore it altogether, and to attribute my constant visits to my pleasure in *his* society. She never varied in a certain gentle manner, though her eyes—those large, tender, deep eyes—told a different tale. Warburton's praises of me rang through the neighborhood, and when any evil-disposed neighbor said, "How intimate that young Spencer is with with the Warburtons," the answer always was, "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Warburton's; besides, there has always been a great intimacy between Speynings and the Grange. It is not surprising that a lively young fellow like Mr. Spencer should prefer the society of such a good fellow as Warburton to a gloomy place like Speynings with that poor invalid, his mother."

My mother was now an almost confirmed invalid, but she struggled against her fast increasing malady, she was so anxious not to make any claim on me; she would not owe to my compassion for her physical sufferings—those attentions which my love did not voluntarily offer. It was difficult for a heart so high as hers to comprehend the sterility of mine. My being seemed emptied of all feelings but on one point. I was like a patient with a chronic disease. The strength, as well as weakness of my constitution fed my malady and drained the vital springs of my life. If affection is shown by act, I might be said to be devoid of it. I lived a life apart, and after a communion of such entire sympathy as seldom exists between a parent and child, I drew a line of demarcation between my mother and myself. Yet with an inconsistency peculiar to men, I expected precisely the same devotion from her. If I observed a shadow on her brow (and how much had it darkened in these few months) or a colder accent in her voice, I felt as much aggrieved as if I was the wronged one. Her affection was to be poured out without measure and stint, though I did not even stoop to regard it.

Dante's simile is true.* Amid all the voices which sound to a man's ear in life, there is one voice always distinctly and dominantly heard. When that voice is the voice of God, there is harmony in the music around; when the voice of self is the loudest, there is discord. There was discord enough with me at this time. I was intelligent enough to know how recklessly I was destroying myself, but I was so selfish by nature, habit, and education, that I could not resist taking advantage of the present enjoyment. If there be one thing which is more dangerous than another, it is the sophistry with which we persuade ourselves that because our overt actions are not against the outward law of right we are sinless. So long as I did not persuade Marian to leave her home and children for me, I thought I was guiltless. I imagined I did not betray Warburton's trust if I did not openly speak of love, though my whole being proved it. Marian and I had no explanation. How was it that I understood that her engagement with Warburton had been forced on her, soon after Mr. Villars's death, by the exigencies of her position? Mr. Villars had died deeply involved, and Mr. Warburton, a friend of his in life, had extricated the widow, as far as he could. Gratitude, esteem, the feeling of isolation, the fears of the future for her boy, had led her to accept his hand, and to consent to marry him as soon as her mourning was over. She came to live meanwhile in retirement at the Grange. When she knew me, her feelings for the first time rebelled against her engagement; but on the one hand she was bound, on the other she had no reason to believe my feelings were really interested in her, though she was conscious I admired her; she saw my mother's dislike to her, and too timid to take such a decided step as to break her engagement with Warburton, and too uncertain of my feelings to acknowledge her own to herself sufficiently to authorize her to that step, she let it go on. My sudden departure had confirmed her suspicion that I had some other attachment. Now that our fates were irrevocable, what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, calmer than love? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry, but she was to be my only friend. At different times, by veiled allusions, by broken expressions, this was revealed to me. I was persuaded that in all true love Marian was mine. She tolerated her husband, and for the sake of her children she remained in his house, but love for me was the secret of her life. She must do her duty. That duty was interpreted in this manner. She took all the flower of my life, my thoughts, my time, my anxious service; I was as much hers as the ring on her finger, and she gave me in return sweet, kind words, melting looks, and winning little attentions. What right had I to more? Had I not scores of times sworn that to press her hand, to sit by her side, was more to me than to be the adored and adoring husband of another? As to Warburton, was he not completely satisfied with her docility and gentleness? She moulded him in all things to her will, yet was he persuaded that it was he who managed her. She contented us both. Yes, for the burning jealousy, the bitter yearnings, the death in life I sometimes endured, I blamed myself, raved against Fate—anything, any one, but my faultless and peerless love!

In vain my mother expostulated.

"This is disloyal, Hubert. How can you take that man's hand, hold his child on your knee, when—"

"I have a sincere friendship for him. Why not?"

It was this obduracy which made her turn hopelessly away. I felt, however, that things could not continue in this way. The house of business with which I was connected in Vienna needed my presence. From time to time I had indefinitely promised to go there, and I looked forward to it as an escape. I was fast approaching the age when, by my father's will, a settlement of property was to be made, and I should either continue to keep my name in the firm or take it out.

I was so perplexed, so beset by contending feelings and contradictory purposes, that my life was a very purgatory. With the weakness which belonged to me I fancied that change of place would change the circumstances, and I longed to free myself from the evil which my own undisciplined nature had woven round me. I conversed a good deal with the Warburtons on the subject. They counselled me strongly to go to Vienna. He, like all practical men, or so-called practical men, thought it was right to go wherever there was a prospect of furthering pecuniary interests; a studious life, or a contemplative one was what he stigmatized as an idle one. Marian, on her side, had an idea—a very erroneous one—that my mother possessed some influence over me, and that that influence was inimical to her. She therefore also wished me to leave Speynings. I was maturing in silence my resolve to leave, but instead of frankly declaring my intention of leaving, certain as I was that no obstacle would be made by my mother, I was so conscious of having been unkind, negligent, and ungrateful to her, that I made the resolve appear the consequence of wrong done by her.

One day when she was speaking to me seriously on the subject of my perpetual visits to the Grange, which I persisted in attributing to friendship, in the very teeth of my despairing confessions to her, she said:—

"Friendship! if you were married to Mrs. Warburton, Hubert, how would you like her to have a friendship for another man such as she has for you?"

"I do not see the object of such a question," I replied.

"Its purport is to warn you, Hubert. Are you so sure of yourself, of her, that you can thus for ever seek the society of a woman you have so dearly loved, I will not say that you still love, with impunity to both?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because I feel convinced that you are only heaping up infinite sorrow, if not guilt, upon yourself."

"Why, am I not to have friends?"

"Friends! Is it a friend's part for a woman who is the wife of another to absorb to herself a young man's time, thoughts, happiness; to encourage him to give himself up entirely to her?"

"She is always urging me to marry and settle near them."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for hers, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood, or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed, "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

I had never seen her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had scarcely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own cruel unkindness, wanton acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow; I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

One morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added, carelessly, that I should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their glance of mute reproach has often recurred to me. But I had entered upon a downward path, and every minute accelerated my descent.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetness itself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my troubled spirit. Being with her was of itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to hers, to cherish and adore her, was delightful. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon us, recoils sooner or later upon oneself. Warburton lectured me a good deal that morning on the necessity of asserting my own free will, and not to waste my manhood on servile dependence on my mother. To hear him, one would suppose my mother had been some doting old woman, who to satisfy some senile caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world, that she was ignorant of the necessities imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to idleness and a country retirement was not exactly doing her duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts, that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this very morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence:

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clenched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the one ravishing idea that for two months I should be under the same roof as Marian! She and I, and the children, walked from the Grange together; the children played on in front, and she hung on my arm. We talked of the pleasant prospects of these two months; she delicately handled my bruised soul with her soft indulgence and sympathy; how like an angel she seemed, and my heart rose up in indignant condemnation when I thought "this is the woman I am asked to give up—this is the solace I am forbidden to accept." I did not remember the plain fact that it was not till after her second marriage that my mother had seriously opposed my inclination for Marian. It was from my own confessions of the wanton way in which she had coquetted with me that she judged her. At present she was passive. Since our last conversation her lips had been sealed. She was not a woman to contend in such a game, or to place a mother's love on the same footing as this holiday friendship, if friendship it were, or in the same category as this sinful passion, if her surmises were correct, and it was passion.

Marian and I parted affectionately at the lodge, and I paused to see her graceful form fade in the twilight. When I entered the dreary room Fanny was alone. She met me with a serious and reproving look. She told me my mother was lying down; she had heard of the death of old Mrs. Spencer, my great uncle's widow. Though I did not know her, I knew well the affection which united them, and that, but for my illness in the autumn, she would have gone as usual to see her. When I entered the room where my mother was, I saw she was worn out with tears. My heart smote me, and I spoke more tenderly than usual. She was touched. She held my hand between hers and pressed it fondly; we talked of irrelevent matters for awhile, but my answers were absent and constrained. After having made up my mind to the rupture at once it seemed vexatious to be foiled. After a while she observed my absence of mind, and asked me what was the matter. A little hesitation and I told her all my plans; she listened calmly.

"When did you say you were going?" she asked in a constrained voice.

There was not a word of remonstrance or regret. I was irritated; the resolution I had come to after so much agitation and pain—for I was a moral coward—seemed to have no import whatever. I was provoked and my vanity suffered. I turned and said:

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousies I can stay no longer."

The apparent quiet with which my mother had heard my first words had been an exercise of great self-control. There was too little light in the room for me to see the death-paleness which overspread her face when I first broached the subject, or the convulsive manner in which she clasped her hands together, or I might have spared her. As it was I persevered. An executioner who has stretched a criminal on the rack, and who finds the first turn of the engine inadequate to force a complaint, may from the same spirit of antagonism, even more than the spirit of cruelty, give it an extra turn. Say what we will, there is something of the tiger in every undisciplined human heart. I might now be satisfied with the effect produced. She started up, and the flood of bitter sorrow and disappointment in me, which had been slowly amassing during these dreary months, overflowed. I shrank back, convicted and appalled.

"If it had been a friend," she said, "who had thrown himself upon another friend, as you cast yourself upon me when you wrote to me from Venice, using my mind, my heart, my time, as ministers of yours in the premeditated and systematic plan you had formed from the date of that letter, to approach nearer the object of your unhallowed passion, and when your end was accomplished, casting off that friend as a worn-out glove, such cold-blooded ingratitude would have seemed heartless enough, but when it is a mother's life and heart's blood you have been playing with, and when you wind up this unparalleled treachery by coming to me at such a time to wound me to the heart, by telling me that all my efforts, my endurance, my kindness have been in vain,—that I who have dreamed, thought, breathed but to lighten your load and assuage your cares, have made you miserable—I feel that my sorrow is greater than I can bear. Go, Hubert, the sight of you kills me."

I obeyed her.

The next day passed in a gloomy calm. Though little able to do so, my mother had risen and went about as usual; she was so fearful that I should think she wished to make her illness a plea for delaying my departure.

I escaped to the Grange; it was the hunting season, and Warburton hunted. Marian needed my society to while away her lonely mornings, and we were left almost entirely alone. A few days afterwards I sent for my servant and belongings, and we left for Scotland. I wrote a few lines to my mother, telling her I was going, but without giving any further reason for not seeing her again.

I spent two months in Scotland. I was less happy than I expected. There was a sense of self-reproach which left an ache in my heart. There was, besides, a strange feeling of surprise at having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred-horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as *sold*, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarrelled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton; "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence" (when had it ever been infringed?) "'basta,' as Marian would say. Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When at last, I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a moody, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproof in itself. It was cold; the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I requested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good-natured attempts to enliven it. When I had announced my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place; how the Comptons had returned to the Grange, &c., &c. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort, and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fan!" I said. I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good-bye," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert! Be happy, and keep well."

Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice.

"I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizes you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good-bye!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swung round at once to Marian.

At five-and-twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinafores, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *c'est autre chose*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

I never saw my mother again. Twelve months after I left England she died.

During that period I had not only joined the firm at Vienna, but had, by my hereditary and personal influence, made room for Warburton. He and his wife were now domiciled at Vienna.

I was a man who misses a daily intercourse, but whose affections are not solid enough to stand the trial of absence, and I did not mourn my mother much. Besides, there was a sting in such grief as I could not help feeling, which my selfishness led me resolutely to fight against. However plausibly I might argue with myself, there was a sin on my soul. My actions appeared harmless enough. The crimes which darken many minds I was innocent of. I had kept within the outward limit which separates vice from virtue, and yet the mildew of my reckless self-love had destroyed all that came too near me. The world spoke fairly of me; the Warburtons and their clique praised me to the skies; but character sooner or later finds its level, and I did not retain my friends; but I was in the bloom and spring of life, my face was turned to the ascent of the Mountains of Delight. What had I to do with memories of that fair face hidden under the sands which are washed by the Adriatic Lagoon? Why should I torture myself with thinking how irreparably I had grieved and wounded the heart which now lay at rest under the chancel of our old church? But it is the worst of characters like mine, to see the right and pursue the wrong. My intelligence pointed out to me where my errors injured me; but my will, long perverted by self-indulgence, had not power to alter. I suppose, therefore, I was beginning to discover that some of the glory of my love was dimmed. I still adored Marian; but constant intercourse had robbed my love of some of its fairy enchantments. Reaction had followed the excitement in which I had latterly lived. Besides, I had attained, as far as I could, the object of my desires.

It is extraordinary how brief is the phase of contentment in some minds, and how soon the balance weighs downwards. We ascend the hill with great difficulty, but the place at the top is so narrow, that in a very brief time we are obliged to descend. In the gay circles of Vienna, Marian was very much admired. The besotted vanity of Warburton was such, that he imagined it was his society which attracted the Viennese youth to his house. I used to feel enraged at his self-satisfaction. Certainly Marian had art enough to manage a score of admirers without compromising herself, or committing him. Not one of these gay and gallant courtiers imagined, I am sure, that the slouching, dark-eyed young Englishman whom her husband was so fond of, was acknowledged by her to be her only friend.

But I was not happy. There were times when I was almost suffocated by contending feelings, when I felt I must break through it all, and either snatch away Marian to be my own in some far foreign land; or taking an eternal farewell of her, return to England, bury myself at Speynings, out of sight of that fatal beauty which had destroyed my life. Marian and I had spoken of the former alternative; her children were her excuse for not acting up to the love she professed. No, she could not leave them; how could I ask it? was that my love for her! She could understand a woman sacrificing herself, but not bringing shame on her children. Whether the difficulty was not in reality her dislike to change a position which had so much that was seducing to a woman of her inclinations, for the solitary companionship of one heart, I will not affirm. Besides, it was not even an alternative; she had hitherto united both, the homage of the world and my unswerving fealty. Why should there be a change? If I was not happy I could go. In our unfortunate position, she said, we must each forego something.

She fancied she kept within the limits of virtue (she piqued herself on her religious principles, and had a great fear of the devil) by remaining in her home. Yet where was her loyalty to her husband when she knew of my love, and, under the specious name of friendship, allowed me to speak of it. Under the name of friendship I was to be hers, and hers only. I had a vague feeling, sometimes, that a straightforward woman would have said, "Leave me; it is not good for either of us to continue a feeling which must bring, eventually, so much pain on both. Your heart must need a fuller feeling than I can bestow on it. Give me your friendship, but seek another woman's love. Love cannot exist without hope, and hope I cannot give you. Leave me for a while, and put me out of the calculation in your reveries of future happiness. You will thank me one day for what seems coldness now."

She never said this. She took for granted that the anomalous position in which we were was to be eternal, and on the least evidence of impatience or desire to break my chain her eyes would seek mine, and their look of mournful reproach would instantly recall my wandering allegiance. At last, however, even she began to feel that some change was a necessity. She feared the effect of custom. She dreaded the daily increasing irritability of my temper, which might at any moment cause a scene between us, in which she might have to abdicate some of her superiority. She, at last, herself counselled me to go.

It was necessary I should go to Speynings; the large fortune which had been vested in my mother by my great uncle she had bequeathed to me without reservation. To Fanny she had left a modest competence. The rent roll of Speynings was not in itself large, but the large sum of ready money in the funds, and my father's fortune, made me a rich man.

I wound up my affairs at Vienna; I invited the Warburtons to pay me a long visit the first *congé* he had, and returned to England. The day I left Marian was very pale, the tears were in her eyes. It was winter; she fastened a small cashmere scarf around my throat with her own white hands.

"You must take care of yourself for my sake."

She was rarely so demonstrative, and my heart melted within me. So soft to her, how strangely hard that heart had become to all else!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Union soldiers will be able to stand the summer better than the rebels, for they have a greater talent at keeping cool.

* E come in fiamma, favilla si vede
E come in voce, voce si discerne,
Quand' una e ferma, e l'altra va e riede.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE IRONSIDES.

Recent accounts from England state that during a late trial of ordnance, it was found that a shot could be fired clear through a target constructed in a similar manner either to the sides of the Warrior or of the Monitor. The shot used were 68-pound and 156-pound shot with a 40-pound and 50-pound charge, fired from a smooth bore 10½ inch gun, at a range of 200 yards. The iron mass of the target was penetrated by the smaller shot, and shattered into little crumbs of metal by the larger; the teak behind the iron being splintered into fibres literally as small as pins by the 156-pounder. According to this account, a section similar to the side of the turret of the Monitor was erected at Shoeburyness, and proved to be "as vulnerable, almost, as timber, even to the commonest muzzle-loading guns."

We confess we doubt the accuracy of the trials referred to above. The Merrimac carried during the recent encounter in Hampton Roads, the heaviest kind of guns—including, it is said, one 11-inch one—and the turret of the Monitor was hit several times in the most direct manner possible, the result being only a shallow dent in the surface. We are a little inclined to believe that the English authorities—in view of the present superiority of France in mail-clad vessels—either are producing results with a purpose, or else are allowing themselves to be deceived by their own sanguine hopes. How is it, we may fairly ask, that they have never made such obvious experiments before? It was understood that they had tested the matter in all practicable ways, before they went to an expenditure of five millions of dollars on the Warrior. If we correctly apprehend the reports of these last experiments, no new and more powerful guns have been constructed—in fact, it is with the old smooth-bores that this wonderful result has been attained.

We shall be surprised, we admit, if a repetition of the English experiments on this side of the water, proves the correctness of the English conclusions.

That guns can be made, however, which will batter the present ironsides to pieces we have no doubt. The new fifteen-inch Dahlgrens, fifty of which are now being cast at Pittsburg, and which will carry a ball weighing over 300 pounds, probably will do the business. And if these will not, the twenty-inch Dahlgrens, whose balls will weigh 1,000 pounds, doubtless will smash any ironside that we are at present able to build. Six or seven inches of iron is believed to be the limit of the thickness of side that a sea-going vessel can carry—and a ball of 1,000 pounds would doubtless either smash or penetrate that as easily as a ball of one-twentieth the weight does wood.

As to the vessels, a description of the Galena, which is now in Hampton Roads, prepared to say how d'ye do to the Merrimac, is given in the present paper. Another curious monster has been contracted for at Boston, which is to be furnished with Woodbury's *submarine* battery. This battery is to be discharged *under the surface of the water*, where iron-clad vessels are apt to be either thinly plated, or not plated at all. An account says:

"The vessel will be 136 feet long and 30 feet beam, and will be built throughout of iron in the most substantial manner. She will carry one gun on deck and a large gun for submarine firing at the bow. She is to be built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, and is to be ready for service in from four to five months. The period stated for the completion of this vessel would put her in commission in September next.

"The idea of the inventor is to build an iron-clad, bomb-proof vessel of sufficient tonnage to carry a gun at the bow, one at the stern, and as many as desirable amidships. The vessel in action will lie alongside of her adversary, and discharge her guns at as near range as possible to obtain.

"The cannon are to be of the usual shape, but longer than common, and can be cast to discharge any projectile now in use. The gun, when ready for action, has a tin cylindrical case fitted closely at the muzzle, rendering the chamber air-tight, and preventing the entrance of water. When the piece is fired, the charge attains its full velocity before reaching the tin cannister previously mentioned, and an effective shot may be made at a distance of two or three hundred feet.

"The cannon is fitted into a stuffing box, similar to that of the piston of a steam engine, and an automatic porthole opens and shuts as the piece is run out or withdrawn. The recoil on the gun is so strong, and the action of the port so sudden, that it is expected very little water will be shipped as the cannon is drawn in.

"A twelve pounder was fired under water at a target made of spruce plank, crossed at right angles, and heavily bolted and braced, and placed at a distance of ten or twelve feet. The target was penetrated in such a manner as to show that the invention is one of the most important which has been made in naval warfare."

If this Woodbury's battery should prove a success, it will make another revolution in naval warfare.

As with all other advances in military science, these improvements in vessels and

guns exert an influence favorable to peace, and not to war. Forts and floating batteries doubtless can be built, and armed with such immense ordnance, as utterly to defy any vessel that can sail the ocean very far to attack them. Thus the power of defence will prevail over that of offence, so far as naval warfare is concerned. It will be, for instance, madness for Europe to think of attacking the ports of America, or America those of Europe. The two continents will have to do the most of their fighting at home, and that will be a blessing to both parties.

A SINGULAR PROPHECY.

The following circumstance, says *The Richmond Whig*, recently occurred at Pensacola, and its truth is vouched for by a trustworthy officer of the army:—

A soldier in the Confederate service fell into a long and profound sleep, from which his comrades vainly essayed to arouse him. At last he woke up himself. He then stated that he should die the next afternoon at 4 o'clock, for it was so revealed to him in his dream. He said in the last week of the month of April would be fought the greatest and bloodiest battle of modern times, and that early in May peace would break upon the land more suddenly and unexpectedly than the war had done in the beginning. The first part of the prophetic dream has been realized, for the soldier died the next day at 4 o'clock P. M. Will the rest be in April and May? Let believers in dreams wait and see.

Peace might result as the consequence of a great rebel defeat in Virginia, and the death or capture of Jeff. Davis and the principal leaders—but it could not result from the defeat of McClellan or Halleck. Therefore we argue from this rebel prediction that the Confederates are about to receive the greatest blow of the war—a blow which we hope will restore them to their proper senses again.

A FISH IN COURT.

Dr. Letheby, an analytical chemist, and health officer of the city of London, having advanced the theory, during a recent trial, that fish could not live in water tainted with gas, the chemical witnesses for the other side gave the doctor a flat contradiction, by producing, from under a bench, a live fish, swimming in a mixture of half an ounce of the gas tank water with 25 ounces of pure water. They had expected the doctor to take that ground, and were determined to be ready for him. All laughed, including Letheby, who laughed "on the other side of his face." Scientific gentlemen should not be too positive.

RELATIVE HEALTH.

By a recent report relative to the mortality of Philadelphia during the year 1861, it appears that the Twenty-Second ward—which includes Germantown—is the healthiest in the whole city. This might be anticipated from the rural character of the ward. The next healthiest ward is the Eighth, extending from Spruce to Chestnut, and from Seventh street to the Schuylkill, which contains a large proportion of the largest and the best residences—in every sense—in the city.

SECRETARY WELLES.—The reported removal of Secretary Welles is not only denied, but it is stated that he offered to resign some weeks since, and his resignation was declined. We trust the President knows the Secretary to be an abler man than the public generally think him to be.

TO A LADY CORRESPONDENT.—There is a place called Coatesville, Hendricks County, Indiana.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WARDEN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Dr. Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A cheap and good reprint of one of the most racy and characteristic of Trollope's novels, which first appeared nearly two years ago, and was directly followed by a continuation on a new theme, but with the same characters, under the title of "Barchester Towers."

In "The Warden," Mr. Harding, whose title gives the name of the book, is the central character, and his troubles and perplexities form the burden of the story. A good, kindly, conscientious man, he has been appointed to one of those snug clerical sinecures which the Church of England *in* England keeps as plums for lucky Jacky Horners, who generally, like the renowned hero of the nursery rhyme, appropriate them with placid self-gratulation. Poor Mr. Harding, however, is not allowed to sit quietly in his corner pulling out his plums. Reformers are bestirring themselves in the matter of church sinecures, as in the case of other abuses. The charitable institution of which he is Warden is investigated, written of, talked about. Finally, an article in "The Jupiter"—under which appropriate title Mr. Trollope designates the Times—proves too much for the meek and sensitive Warden. Unable as he is to understand in what way he is responsible for wrongs which have struck their roots in long centuries of corrupt alliance between Church and State, he can do nothing to set matters right; nothing but to withdraw himself from his disputed possessions, and content himself with poverty and peace again.

Slight as this thread of a story is, it suffices for the delightful elaboration of all the characters connected with it. Mr. Harding and his two daughters, the mild old Bishop, John Bold the meddlesome reformer, and Tom Towers of the *Jupiter*, are all capitally drawn, but far above them all towers Archdeacon Grantly, the reader's especial favorite for the entertainment he affords, though in actual life he would be apt to give him as wide a berth as possible. The description of this dignitary, as he stands overruling his meek and much-enduring father-in-law, the Warden, is a good specimen of the comic but not ill-natured sarcasm of the author.

"As the archdeacon stood up to make his speech, erect in the middle of that little square, he looked like an ecclesiastical statue placed there, as a fitting impersonation of the church militant here on earth; his shovel hat, large, new, and well-pronounced, a churchman's hat in every inch, declared the profession as plainly as does the Quaker's broad brim; his heavy eyebrow, large open eyes, and full mouth and chin expressed the solidity of his order; the broad chest, amply covered with fine cloth, told how well to do was his estate; one hand ensconced within his pocket evinced the practical hold which our mother church keeps on her temporal possessions; and the other loose for action, was ready to fight if need be in her defence; and below these the decorous breeches, and neat black gaiters, showing so admirably that well-turned leg, betokened the decency, the outward beauty and grace of our church establishment."

The scene where the good old Bishop receives with consternation Mr. Harding's announcement that John Bold, the very "pestilent reformer" who first set the troublesome inquiry into the wardenship afloat, is destined to be his second son-in-law, is very ludicrous, though quite natural.

"The bishop did not whistle; we believe that they lose the power of doing so on being consecrated; and that in these days one might as easily meet a corrupt judge as a whistling bishop; but he looked as though he would have done so, but for his apron.

"What a brother-in-law for the archdeacon! What an alliance for Barchester close! What a connexion for even the episcopal palace! The bishop, in his simple mind, felt no doubt that John Bold, had he so much power, would shut up all cathedrals, and probably all parish churches; distribute all tithes among Methodists, Baptists, and other savage tribes; utterly annihilate the sacred bench; and make shovel hats and lawn sleeves as illegal as cowls, sandals, and sackcloth! Here was a nice man to be initiated into the comfortable arcana of ecclesiastical snuggeries."

It is difficult for an American to fully understand the intricacy and difficulty of the abuses with which the Church of England is afflicted in consequence of its long connexion with the civil power. That men's eyes are opening to these evils and disadvantages is, however, the first and most important step to removing them. The leaven of free institutions is working slowly but surely through this age-incrusted system; and among the works which at once assist and record the coming change, the novels of Anthony Trollope will, in future time, be accorded no inconsiderable place.

THE POLITICAL SENTIMENTS OF OUR GENERALS.

The Cincinnati Commercial, in a recent article, says:—

"The great mass of Northern Democrats came heartily up to the support of the government, when, in spite of its conciliatory policy, it was forced into the war for the preservation of the Union, and the President has not failed to recognize their patriotism and their important services in our legislatures and on the battle-fields. The Democrats are now represented in the Cabinet, the most important position at the President's Council Board—that of Secretary of War—being filled by the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, a life-long Democrat. The majority of the great military departments are commanded by men who have been of the Democratic party, and have no sympathy with anti-slavery politicians. Generals Fremont and Banks are the only well-known Republicans who command departments. Generals Pope and Hunter are believed to sympathize with the Republican view of our politics, but they have never been partisans, and we are not certain that even their political tendencies are not misreported. Generals McClellan, Halleck and Buell are Democrats. Generals Dix and Butler are well-known Democratic politicians. We have never heard General Grant's politics mentioned, but he has certainly never shown a symptom of anti-slaveryism. Gen. C. F. Smith is a Democrat, and rather pro-slavery than otherwise. Gen. McClernand, of Illinois, and Gen. Wallace, of Indiana, made Major Generals for good conduct at Fort Donelson, are Democratic politicians of note. The commanders of divisions in Gen. Buell's army, Generals Mitchell, McCook, Nelson, Thomas and Crittenden, have all been opposed to the Republican party. The commanders of divisions in Gen. Grant's army, with a single exception, have been against the Republicans in politics. Gen. Curtis is a Republican. Gen. Rosecrans is a Democrat. Gen. Shields is a Democrat. We have never heard anything about the political opinions of Gen. Burnside. We are not sufficiently familiar with the history of the commanders of the divisions and *corps de armee* of the Potomac to classify them politically. The President, as is evident from this record, has not attempted in the army appointments to favor his political friends. Indeed, it might be pretty seriously argued that his partiality, if there is any, has been the other way. When the war commenced there was but one Democratic governor in the northern states, and he, Sprague, of R. I., has won immortal honor by his zeal, courage and ability in the cause of sustaining the government."

CRITICAL REBEL SITUATION IN TENNESSEE AND NORTH ALABAMA.

The Atlanta (Georgia) Confederacy has information which represents affairs in Tennessee and North Alabama in a very critical situation. It says:—"We are informed, and believe the information to be correct, that the enemy's cavalry have advanced southward from Huntsville; have crossed the Tennessee river at the extreme southward point of that stream in Alabama, and are now at Gunter's Landing. This is within forty or fifty miles of Gadsden, on the Coosa river, which distance they can travel in one day, and *cut off the passage of any more steamboats up to Rome.* Nay, they might seize a few boats, and *pass up the river to Rome, and take the city, burn down our foundries, which are rapidly turning out cannon and small arms*, and do whatever mischief they pleased. Gunter's Landing, by a direct route through De Kalb and Cherokee counties, Ala., along a fine road for travel, is only 80 miles from Rome. The enemy's cavalry could pass through this country in two days, and burn down our foundries in Rome. They could at that point and at Kingston *capture enough engines and cars to proceed up the road* with an armed force to protect them in burning the bridges, and be exposed to none of the difficulties that the engine stealers met with a few days ago; or they could approach and burn the bridges from Rome through the country. With these bridges burned, Kirby Smith, *who is understood to be advancing on Huntsville*, would be cut off from reinforcements or retreat. East Tennessee, and our forces at Knoxville, Greenville, and Cumberland Gap, with all Western Virginia, would be exposed in the same manner we pointed out in commenting on the the consequences had the engine thieves been successful."

☞ A Lacedemonian was fined for saying in three words what might have been uttered in two.

The New Iron-Clad Gunboat Galena.

On Monday last, the mail clad steam sloop of war Galena, built at Mystic, Connecticut, was put in commission at the Brooklyn navy-yard; on Tuesday she went out in tow of the steamship Baltic, and has arrived at Fortress Monroe. We have now three armor-clad vessels in Hampton Roads—the Monitor, Naugatuck, and Galena. These three vessels were all experimental in their designs, built upon no well established theory, and intended to test new ideas. Those embodied in the Monitor and Naugatuck are well known. The proposition in the case of the Galena was made by naval constructor Pook, and is thus stated:

"That a vessel could be built, two hundred feet in length, thirty-six feet breadth of beam, and one thousand tons burthen—the size and description of a war vessel of the ordinary construction, which would require a depth of water of about twelve feet—and yet that the boat should be strong enough to sustain a shot-proof covering, have a draft of water of but ten to twelve feet, and contain engines and machinery which would give her a speed of twelve knots an hour—in short, that she should be entirely seaworthy, as perfectly adapted to the purposes of cruising, as the "wooden walls" in common use, and, in addition, be impenetrable.

"To accomplish these objects, a hull of peculiar model, designed to effect a greater displacement of water than is ordinarily secured, was built, and upon it four hundred tons of armor have been placed, with entirely successful results. Experiments have been made with the machinery, which justify the expectation that the speed of the vessel will be equal to what was originally anticipated—twelve miles per hour.

"At a little distance, the appearance of the Galena is smooth and regular, her curved lines and rounded form diminishing her apparent size. A close inspection reveals the joints of the longitudinal plates with which she is covered, but not a bolt-head is visible. This is one of the peculiarities of her mail, which is of a new design. By means of flanges and tongues, the heads of the bolts are entirely covered, and thus a source of weakness in the iron-plating generally in use is obviated.

"The ports are covered with heavy armor, are divided horizontally, open in the middle, and are moved by levers which may be worked with great rapidity. In the middle of the port covers, holes are constructed of sufficient size to allow the muzzle of a gun to protrude; but these holes have covers carefully fitted, and deemed to be quite as impenetrable as the mailed sides of the vessel, which have, in addition to the armor, an average thickness of fourteen inches of solid oak.

"On the upper deck, a pilot-house, of a nearly round form, has been constructed. It has seven look-outs, or narrow openings, and its walls are composed of nine plates, the outer plate an inch in thickness, and the others half an inch.

"The hatchways and skylights, of which there are several on the upper deck, are secured with heavy iron grating, four inches in depth.

"The smoke-pipe—the most exposed portion of the whole—is so constructed, that a shot through it, or even its entire demolition, would not only not disable the steamer, but would not materially affect her speed. An iron grating has been built through it, and bands around it at the base, which will prevent any injury to the boiler in case of accident to the smoke stack. The top of the pilot house is covered with grating, which permits the free circulation of air, and abundantly protects it.

"The fighting deck, which is fully enclosed, and apparently very low, the sloping sides of the vessel almost lying upon it, is really quite roomy, and there is abundant space for the working of heavy guns."

This description will show that this vessel has been built upon no known model, and that she was intended to be remarkable for speed, shallow draft, and capacity, while perfectly seaworthy. Her armor is like nothing else afloat, and is purely a Yankee invention. The plans have been changed by the Navy Department since she was commenced, by increasing the thickness of her plates and covering her entire hull above water with them, instead of only a part. Her size and tonnage indicate that she is intended for heavy work anywhere and everywhere. Thus of all the armor-clad rams and batteries built in America by us or by the rebels not one has any counterpart in Europe, all being built on original plans. The Kensington, now building at Philadelphia, will differ from the rest, and also from the European plans, in having her armor of hammered iron and her sides above water at deflecting angles, so as to cause the shot to glance from her. The ingenuity of our countrymen has never been more brilliantly displayed than in the construction of armor clad vessels, a department, too, in which it had been supposed that the efforts of the English and French were so perfect as not to afford much room for our inventive powers.

THE BEAUREGARD DESPATCH.—The following is an exact copy of the despatch from Beauregard discovered by General Mitchell, and which required himself and aids only about twenty minutes to decipher:

CORINTH, April 9th.—To General Samuel Cooper, Richmond, Va:—All the present probabilities are, that whenever the enemy moves on this position, he will do so with an overwhelming force of not less than yrzole xriy lohkjnap men. by wna ahc vkjlyi-hate nqhkl lorite xrmy lohkjnap yx3[wlrmqj mna phia may possibly shraej ra n xyc pnejerlo nghkl xrlly 5a lohkjnap vhmy. Can we not be reinforced xrun dyygzihaji niqe. If defeated here cy thjy loy vrjq matdye nap dchqaste hki wnkjy whereas we could even afford to lose for a while won lyjlha nap inmzu5yl for the purpose of defeating qkvt4 jmnive which would not only insure us the Valley of the Mississippi, but our independence. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

[The translation has already been published.]

THE LATE REBEL VICTORY OVER BURNSIDE.—The rebels have been claiming a victory over Burnside at Elizabeth City. One thousand Georgians whipped four thousand Union soldiers, which is about the proportion which "secesh" claimed as a fair balance between rebel and Union courage. The Newbern Progress, a journal printed by our soldiers, tells the story of the defeat in this wise:—"On Tuesday, April 8th, an expedition left Roanoke for the mainland, just above Elizabeth City, surprised and attacked a camp of rebels greatly superior in numbers, put them to flight, and captured eighty men, together with a large quantity of arms, tents, &c; and the breakfasts of the whole flying force, which our men ate up with thanks." Rather a difference from the rebel account.

FROM Gen. Halleck's army at Pittsburg Landing we learn that a reconnoissance under command of Gen. A. J. Smith, to Pea Ridge, routed 3,000 rebels, captured all their camp equipage, papers, baggage, and twelve prisoners.

IT may not be generally known that the Government has now more than twenty thousand rebel prisoners, in different parts of the North. The number constantly being taken, is unrealized by the public.

HEALTH STATISTICS OF PHILADELPHIA.

We are in possession of many curious facts relative to the mortality of Philadelphia in 1861. The task of compiling the items has occupied several months, and the data are contained in a report on Meteorology and Epidemics read before the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, by Wilson Jewell, M. D.

THE BIRTHS.

The births in Philadelphia in 1861, according to the returns, were 17,271. The deaths were 14,468. The excess of births over deaths was therefore 19 per cent. The births averaged 47¼ per diem, being one almost every half hour. Of the whole number 9,008 were males, there being 109 7-10 males to every 100 females.

Only two cases of triplets occurred during the year, and 126 cases of twins. Fifteen more colored female children than male were ushered into the world, being an aggregate of colored children for the year, of 309.

The births average one for every thirty-three persons. The greatest number was in March, the least in May. The Nineteenth Ward, having the largest population, had the most children. Six hundred and thirty were still-born.

The following is the percentage of births and deaths by wards:—

Wards.	Percentage Births.	Percentage Deaths.
1	5.43	6.05
2	4.56	5.34
3	3.13	2.77
4	3.91	4.70
5	2.50	3.38
6	2.43	1.98
7	4.46	5.07
8	2.40	2.96
9	2.72	2.47
10	3.10	2.93
11	3.39	3.13
12	3.00	2.51
13	3.03	2.74
14	4.35	2.94
15	6.18	5.31
16	3.84	3.66
17	5.51	5.73
18	3.46	4.12
19	7.11	7.50
20	5.05	5.59
21	2.69	2.20
22	3.03	1.71
23	3.68	3.00
24	4.88	3.38

The following is a matrimonial tabular statement:—

BRIDES' AGES.

Under 20 years	953
Between 20 and 25 years	1,812
" 25 and 30 "	781
" 30 and 40 "	404
" 60 and 70 "	8
Unaccounted for	464
	4,417

GROOMS' AGES.

Under 20 years	16
Between 20 and 25 years	1,610
" 25 and 30 "	1,333
" 30 and 40 "	739
" 70 and 80 "	4
Unaccounted for	665
	4,417

Fifty-seven 51-100 per cent. of the persons married were born in the United States; 3,315 were born in foreign countries; 439 did not give the place of their nativity.

Three hundred and eighty American women married foreigners, but only two hundred and fifty-six American men married foreign women.

THE DEATHS.

The deaths averaged one to each 41 persons, being 24 to each 1,000 living. In Massachusetts the rate is 17 to each 1,000, in Scotland 19, and in England 22.

July gave the highest number of deaths, viz: 1868, and November gave the lowest, 907.

Fifty one per cent. or more than half of those who died were children under five years of age, while *sixty-one* per cent. were children under ten years.

This mortality is terrible, and certainly demands from the medical faculty an investigation into the causes. The simple fact carries with it a force that no reasoning could hope to attain.

MORTALITY BY WARDS.

Wards.	Population last census.	Deaths.	Deaths to population.	Deaths in each thousand of population.
First	30,886	875	1 in 35	28.32
Second	29,133	758	1 in 38	26.13
Third	19,929	400	1 in 49	20.00
Fourth	23,461	681	1 in 34	29.17
Fifth	34,793	488	1 in 50	17.91
Sixth	14,882	286	1 in 52	19.06
Seventh	31,367	733	1 in 42	23.60
Eighth	27,770	427	1 in 65	15.81
Ninth	17,196	356	1 in 48	20.94
Tenth	21,849	422	1 in 51	19.18
Eleventh	16,681	452	1 in 36	26.58
Twelfth	18,881	362	1 in 46	21.29
Thirteenth	20,045	397	1 in 50	19.85
Fourteenth	24,258	426	1 in 56	17.75
Fifteenth	32,091	768	1 in 41	24.00
Sixteenth	20,067	529	1 in 37	26.45
Seventeenth	23,204	828	1 in 28	36.00
Eighteenth	20,441	596	1 in 34	29.80
Nineteenth	38,828	1,085	1 in 36	27.82
Twentieth	29,963	809	1 in 37	26.96
Twenty-first	17,159	332	1 in 51	19.53
Twenty-second	17,173	248	1 in 69	14.58
Twenty-third	23,985	434	1 in 55	18.08
Twenty-fourth	23,738	489	1 in 48	20.37
Unknown	——	446	——	——
Almshouse	——	543	——	——
From the country	——	298	——	——
Total for 12 months	——	14,468	——	——
Total population	565,529	——	——	——
Ratio of deaths to population	——	——	1 in 39	——

The lowest number of deaths registered for any one ward was 248, in the Twenty-second, containing a population of 17,173. It is an open country or rural district, a large territory, with a sparse population, and this population one among the smallest, making the fifth in the upward scale in numbers, and rates the healthiest from every stand point in which it may be viewed. In the table, it contributes only 1 death in every 69 of its population; 1.71 per cent. only of the entire mortality, and not more than 14.58 in every thousand of its own population. This ward embraces within its boundaries the beautiful and attractive suburban village of Germantown, with its elegant mansions and cottage residences, its handsomely embellished gardens, its rich meadows, its shaded parks, and spacious pleasure grounds.

The Eighth Ward, extending from Spruce to Chestnut street, and from Seventh street to the Schuylkill river, with a population of 27,770, supplied only 427 deaths, or 15 81 for every thousand of its population. Out of all the city or built up wards, considering its location, the Eighth appears to be the most favorable for health. It contributed no more than six deaths from small-pox, thirteen from scarlet fever, five from diptheria, nine from typhoid fever, and twenty-one from cholera infantum. The sanitary condition of the ward is to be accounted for by its ample domiciliary conveniences, the absence of small alleys and confined courts, containing crowded and filthy residents, together with the observance of care to prevent the accumulation of kitchen and other offal in the yards, gutters and streets.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

☞ Prentice says there is no braver soul on earth than the soul of our Foote.

LATEST NEWS.

Glorious News from Rebel Sources.

Rebel Report of the Capture of New Orleans.

THE FLEET PASS FORT JACKSON.

GREAT CONSTERNATION.

All the Steamboats and Cotton Destroyed.

Important from Yorktown.

LATER FROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

The Evacuation of Corinth Confirmed.

Beauregard Going to Defend Memphis.

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. SMITH.

FROM GEN. BANKS' ARMY, &c.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 27.—To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—A fugitive black, just arrived from Portsmouth, brings the Petersburg Express of yesterday, which contains the following dispatch:

"MOBILE, April 25.—The enemy passed Fort Jackson at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. When the news reached New Orleans the excitement was boundless. Martial law was put in full force, and business was completely suspended. All the cotton and steamboats, excepting such as were necessary to transport coin, ammunition, &c., were destroyed.

"At one o'clock to-day the telegraph operators bid us good-bye, saying that the enemy had appeared before the city. This is the last we know regarding the fall. We will send you the particulars as soon as they can be had."

The negro bringing the above reports that the rebels have two iron-clad steamers nearly completed at Norfolk, and that it is believed that the Merrimac will be out to-morrow.

(Signed) JOHN E. WOOL.

THE REPORT CONFIRMED.

HEADQUARTERS RAPPAHANNOCK, April 27.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—I have just returned from the camp opposite Fredericksburg. I was told that the Richmond Examiner, of the 26th, had been received in town, announcing as follows:—

"*New Orleans Taken—Great Destruction of Property, Cotton and Steamboats—Enough steamboats saved to carry away the ammunition—Great consternation of the inhabitants.*"

IRVING McDOWELL, Major-General.

Yorktown Shelled by Gunboats.

BEFORE YORKTOWN, April 25.—The principal event yesterday worth mentioning was the shelling of Yorktown by one of our gunboats. She moved up the mouth of Wormley's creek during the morning, opening a well directed fire on their works, which was promptly answered by the rebels.

The boat then fell back a distance of three miles from Yorktown, when she again opened fire, the shells exploding each time within the enemy's works, but obtained no response.

A few shots were fired during the day along the whole line to keep the rebels from strengthening their works. No one was injured.

Dispatch from Gen. McClellan—A Rebel Battery taken at the Point of the Bayonet.

Four Killed and Twelve Wounded—Fourteen Rebels Captured.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Camp Winfield Scott, April 26, 11 A. M.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Early this morning an advanced lunette of the rebels, on this side of the Warwick, near its head, was carried by assault, by company H, 1st Massachusetts regiment. The work had a ditch 6 feet deep with a strong parapet, and was manned by two companies of infantry, but no artillery.

Our men moved over open, soft ground some 600 yards, received the fire of the rebels at 50 yards, and did not return it, but rushed over the ditch and parapet in the most gallant manner. The rebels broke and ran as soon as they saw that our men intended to cross the parapet.

Our loss is three killed, one mortally and twelve otherwise wounded.

We took fourteen prisoners, and destroyed the work sufficiently to render it useless, and retired.

The operation was conducted by Gen. C. Grover, who managed the affair most handsomely. Nothing could have been better than the conduct of all the men under fire. The supports, who were also under the artillery fire of other works, were companies of the 1st and 11th Massachusetts.

In spite of the rain our work progresses well. (Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN. Major General.

Later from Gen. Halleck's Army.

CAIRO, April 26.—Special to the Cairo Journal.)—A reconnoissance in force was made towards Corinth on Thursday by the United States troops.

When nine miles out they surprised a rebel camp, took twenty-seven prisoners, and destroyed an amount of camp equipage.

They then advanced to Pea Ridge, within six miles of Corinth, were they remained from eleven o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, without finding any signs of the enemy.

Mr. Stevenson, of Danville, who accompanied the reconnoissance, reports that they heard a constant rattling of cars and sounding of whistles toward the direction of Memphis, and they got the impression that the rebels were evacuating Corinth for the latter place.

CHICAGO, April 27.—A special dispatch from Cairo, to the Times, says that passengers from Pittsburg Landing, report that on Thursday thirty deserters from the rebel army entered our camps and begged to be enrolled among our troops. They all corroborate the statement received the day before relative to the evacuation by the rebels of their present position. It is asserted that Beauregard had withdrawn a considerable portion of his forces for the defence of Memphis.

Death of Major-General C. F. Smith.

PITTSBURG LANDING, April 26, via Louisville.—Major General C. F. Smith died at Savannah, Tenn., on the 25th, at 4 o'clock P. M. He was taken sick with dysentery shortly after the occupation of Savannah by the forces under him, and it will be remembered, was prevented from active participation in the battle of Shiloh. He had been suffering and sinking slowly for some weeks, though his condition was not thought dangerous until within the past week.

From Gen. Banks' Army.

Gen. Banks' corps has advanced to Mount Crawford, eight miles south of Harrisonburg. The rebels were found on the opposite side of the river defending the bridge, Jackson's whole force being near.

Reported Occupation of Fort Jackson below Savannah.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The *Mercury* states, on the authority of the officers of the steamer Boston, that Fort Jackson, six miles below Savannah, is in possession of our troops, and that our pickets are within four miles of Savannah.

Destruction of the Bear Creek Bridge on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—The Navy Department has received dispatches from Commodore Foote, enclosing a report from Lieut. Commanding Gwinn, dated the 14th, in which he says:

"The Tyler and Lexington conveyed two transports, containing two thousand troops of infantry and cavalry, under command of Gen. Sherman, to Shacksaw, Alabama, where they disembarked, and proceeded rapidly to Bear Creek bridge, the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, for the purpose of destroying it, and as much of the trestel-work as they could find. The expedition was entirely successful.

☞ TO EQUESTRIANS.—To be sold, a fine chestnut Mare, 15 hands, and on all hands admitted to be a splendid animal. Also to be sold, with the Mare, a strong iron chain for fastening her to the stall, and an entire suit of steel armor for the use of the groom in attendance. Only parted with because the owner can make no use of her.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth hearing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights.—The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness, as God gives them every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

☞ A BUG STORY.—In London are licensed persons who are styled "Buggers," whose business it is to clear bedsteads from the little varmints. In the Bath Road, London, is a sign, "Bug Cleaner to Her Majesty." On the opposite side of the road is a neighbor in the same line of business, whose sign reads, "Bug Cleaner—no connection with the Bugger opposite."

☞ A preacher stopped short in the pulpit; it was in vain that he scratched his head; nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "my friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

☞ The Waterville Mail tells a story of a "swine mother" in that village which recently added a litter of twenty-two pigs to her previous progeny of fifty-five, making the snug little family of seventy-seven. Decidedly piggish.

☞ ENGLAND.—Michelet, the French author, says:—"England was always a mystery to me until I visited it. I found it a great sand bank enveloped in a fog. The fog fed the grass, the grass fed the sheep, the sheep fed the men."

☞ A little boy in Winsted Corners was severely scalded the other day by spilling a teapot full of tea down his breast. The local paper speaks of the "lesson it conveys to parents, when tea is from one to two dollars per pound."

☞ A western editor thus compliments a contemporary:—"What a piece of work is B———! How feeble in reason! in form and moving how like a sneak! how stupid in faculties! in action how like a spaniel! in comprehension how like a frog!"

☞ Whatever I can do if I like, that also I *can* do, even if I do *not* like. In itself considered, the power to do a thing may be quite complete, and independent of the inclination or disposition to do or not to do.—*Haven's Mental Philosophy.*

☞ He that is wise throughout the day can well afford to be a little silly at night.

☞ There is a good story going the rounds at Fortress Monroe concerning a certain general, who is pious enough in creed, but on certain occasions, when his "dander" is up, can do full justice to his feelings by "giving them mouth." When the Merrimac came down, the general was all motion; he was highly excited, and now and then he eased his feelings by certain forcible ejaculations. A contraband, who heard him, gives a very good description of how the white-haired old man moved about in the midst of the storm of shells. "By golly, boss," said he, "but de way dat old mass' gien'ral moved about dat day war a caution. He went dis way and dat way; he went hea' and he went dar; but to hab hearn de old mass' gin'ral swar! Boss, it's de solemn truf, dat de way de old gin'ral swar *was plumb nigh like preachin'!*"

GLOOMY PROSPECT FOR THE REBELS.—A Dr. Banks, residing in Savannah, Ga., having just returned from a tour to Richmond, our brave Colonel Armstrong went to inquire from him what the news was. "Oh, Colonel," said he, "we are whipped on all sides, everything looks dark and gloomy for us. McCulloch and Price are killed, Columbus and Manassas are evacuated, and hell is to pay everywhere!"

The same doctor added that the Yankees would have to kill the last southern gentleman before they could be conquered. "It is not," said he to the Colonel, "the negro question which is now mooted—it is to know whether the Puritan or Cavalier is to rule this continent. For fifteen years we have been preparing for it, (!) and the Yankees cannot expect to destroy in a day what we have taken so long to prepare."—*From the Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy, March 30.*

THE United States troops had evacuated Jacksonville, Florida, and the city was in charge of the Confederates, but the gunboats remained at anchor off the town to protect the loyal inhabitants.

THE Norfolk *Day Book* reports a heavy bombardment at Fort Jackson, on the Mississippi river, below New Orleans. The journal named professes to have a despatch from New Orleans of the 23d inst., which says that, while the bombardment is heavy and continuous, the rebels in the fort are cheerful, and have an abiding faith in their ultimate success. To this is added the absurd statement that our fleet had fired 25,000 13-inch shells, of which 1,000 had fallen within the fort.

A GREAT MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf;
Content to know, and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in despite of wrong,
Establish right.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant-passions free,
By Fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss,
Great Nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

Time cannot take him by surprise;
Fate cannot crush him; he shall rise
Stronger from overthrow,
Whose arms a Heavenly Friend supplies
Against Heaven's Foe.

The merely great are, all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither conferr'd nor can recall
This man's dominion.

Lord of a lofty life is he,
Loftily living, tho' he be
Of lowly birth; tho' poor,
He lacks not wealth; nor high degree
In state obscure;

Tho' sadden'd soil'd not, broken not
Tho' burthen'd, by his mortal lot
To strive with mortal sin
And scald away with tears the spot
That sinks not in:

Yet not with downward eye morose,
Bent on himself, nor ear so close
Held to his own heart's cell,
But what he sees, and hears, and knows,
And doth love well.

For tho' he lives aloof from ken,
The world's unwitness'd denizen,
The love within him stirs
Abroad, and with the hearts of men
His own confers;

The Judge upon the Justice-seat,
The brown-back'd beggar in the street,
The spinner in the sun,
The reapers reaping in the wheat,
The wan-cheeked nun—

He nothing human alien deems
Unto himself, nor discsteems
Man's meanest claims upon him.
And where he moves the mere sunbeams
Drop blessings on him.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

Daffodil's Delight and its environs were in a state of bustle—of public excitement, as may be said. Daffodil's Delight never failed to seize hold upon any possible event, whether of a general public nature or of a private local nature, as an excuse for getting up a little steam. On that cold winter's day two funerals were appointed to take place: the one, that of Mrs. Hunter: the other, of little William Darby, and Daffodil's Delight, in spite of the black frost, turned out in crowds to see.

You could not have passed into the square when the large funeral came forth, so many had collected there. It was a funeral of mutes, and plumes, and horses, and carriages, and show; the nearer Mr. Hunter had grown to pecuniary embarrassment, the more jealous was he to guard all suspicion of it from the public. He followed as chief mourner; and in the wake of him, among many other mourners, were his brother Henry, Dr. Bevary, and Austin Clay.

That took place in the morning. In the afternoon, the coffin of the boy, covered by something black—but it looked more like old cloth than velvet—was brought out of the house upon men's shoulders. Part of the family followed, and pretty nearly the whole of Daffodil's Delight brought up the rear.

When the child died, things were at so low an ebb with the Darby's, that sundry kind gossips suggested, and promulgated the suggestion for a fact, that the parish would have the honor of conducting the interment. Darby would have sold himself first. He went to Mr. Hunter's yard on the morning subsequent to the death, the instant the gates were opened, and presented himself to the foreman as a candidate for work. That functionary would not treat with him.

"We have had so many of you old hands just coming on for a day or two, and then withdrawing again, through orders of the society, or through getting frightened at being threatened, that Mr. Clay said I was to take back no more shilly-shallyers."

"Try me!" feverishly cried Darby. "I will not go from it again."

"No," said the foreman. "You can speak to Mr. Clay."

"Darby," said Austin, when the man appeared before him, "will you pass your word to me, to remain? Here men come; they sign the document, they have work assigned them; and in a day or so, I hear that they have left again. It causes no end of confusion to us, for work to be taken up and laid down in that way."

"Take me on, and try me, sir? I'll stick to it as long as there's a stroke of work to do—unless they tread me to pieces as they did Baxendale. I never was cordial for the society, sir. I obeyed it, and yet a doubt was always upon me whether I might not be doing wrong. I am sure of it now. The society has worked harm to me and mine, and I will never belong to it again."

"Others have said as much, and have returned to it the next day," remarked Mr. Clay.

"Perhaps so, sir. They hadn't seen one of their children die that they'd have laid down their own lives to save—but that they had not *worked* to save. Take me on, sir! He can't be buried till I have earned the wherewithal to pay for it. I'll stand to my work from henceforth—over hours, if I can get it."

Austin wrote a word on a card, and desired Darby to carry it to the foreman.

"You can go to work at once," he said.

"I'll take work too, sir, if I can get it," exclaimed another man, who had come up in time to hear Austin's last words.

"What! is it you, Abel White?" exclaimed Austin, with a half laugh. "I thought you made a boast that if the whole lot of hands came back to work, you never would, except upon your own terms."

"So I did, sir. But when I find I have been in the wrong, I am not above owning it," was the man's reply, who looked in a far better physical condition than the pinched, half-starved Darby. "I could hold out longer, sir, without much inconvenience; leastways, with a deal less inconvenience than some of 'em could, for I and father belong to one or two provident clubs, and they have helped us weekly, and my wife and daughters don't do amiss at their umbrella work. But I have come over to father's views at last; and I have made my mind up, as he did, never, please God, to be a Union man again—unless the masters should turn round and make themselves into a body of tyrants; I don't know what I might do then. But there ain't much danger of that, as father says, in these go-a-head days. You'll give me work, sir?"

"Upon conditions," replied Austin, as he proceeded to talk to him.

But we have been leaving Willy Darby's funeral. There it is, moving slowly down Daffodil's Delight. Not over slowly either; for there had been a delay in some of the arrangements, and the clergyman must have been waiting for half an hour. It was a week since Darby resumed work; a long while to keep the child, but the season was winter. Darby had paid part of the expense, and been trusted for the rest.

It arrived at the burial place; and the little body was buried, there to remain until the resurrection at the last day. As Darby stood over the grave, the regret for his child was nearly lost sight of in the far more bitter regret and remorse for having kept the dead starving for months, when work was to be had for the asking.

"Don't take on so," whispered a neighbor, who knew his thoughts. "If you had gone back to work as soon as the yards were open, you'd only have been set upon and half-killed, like Baxendale."

"Then it would not, in that case, have been my fault if he had starved," returned Darby, with compressed lips.

The shades of evening were on Daffodil's Delight when the attendants of the funeral returned, and Mr. Cox, the pawnbroker, was busily transacting the business which the dusk hour always brought him. Even Daffodil's Delight, though they were common sufferers, and all, or nearly all, required to pay visits to Mr. Cox, imitated their betters in observing that peculiar reticence of manner which custom has thrown around these delicate negotiations.

The character of their offerings had changed. In the first instance they had chiefly consisted of ornaments, whether of the house or person, or of superfluous articles of attire and of furniture. Then had come necessaries: bedding, and heavier things; and then trifles, irons, saucepans, frying pans, gowns, coats, tools—anything. Anything by which a shilling could be obtained. And now had arrived the climax when there was nothing more to take—nothing, at least, that Mr. Cox would speculate upon.

There went banging into the shop Mrs. Dunn. Perhaps one of the most miserable households in Daffodil's Delight was hers, take it for all in all; but it had not subdued the manner or the temper of Mrs. Dunn; they were fiercer than ever. The non-realization of her fond hope of good cheer and silk dresses was looked upon as a private injury and resented as such. See her as she turns into the shop: her head a mass of torn black cap and entangled hair, her gown, a black stuff once, dirty now, hanging in jags, and clinging around her with that peculiar cling which indicates that few, if any, petticoats are underneath; and her feet scuffling along in shoes tied round the instep with white rag, to keep them on. As she was entering, she encountered a poor woman named Jones, the wife of a carpenter, as badly reduced as she was. Mrs. Jones held out a small blanket for her inspection, and spoke with the tears running down her cheeks.

"We have kept it till the last. We said we could not lie on the sack of straw this awful weather, without it to cover us. But to-day we haven't got a crumb in the house, or a ember in the grate, and Jones said, says he, There ain't no help for it, you must pledge it."

"And Cox won't taken it in?" responded Mrs. Dunn, in a ranting tone.

The woman shook her head, and the tears fell fast on her thin cotton shawl, as she walked away. "He says the moths has got into it."

"A pity but the moths had got into him! His eyes is sharper than they need be," shrieked Mrs. Dunn. "Here, Cox," dashing up to the counter, and flinging on it a pair of boots, "I want three shillings on them."

Mr. Cox took up the offered pledge. A thin pair of woman's boots, black cloth, with leather tips; new, they had probably cost five shillings, but they were now considerably the worse for wear.

"What is the use of bringing these old things?" remonstrated Mr. Cox. "They are worth nothing."

"Everything's worth nothing, according to you," retorted Mrs. Dunn. "Come! I want three shillings on them."

"I wouldn't lend you eighteen-pence. They'd not fetch it at a auction."

Mrs. Dunn would have very much liked to fling the boots in his face; but after some dispute, she condescended to ask what he would give.

"I'll lend a shilling, as you are a customer, to oblige you. But I don't care to take them in at all."

More dispute; and she brought her demand down to eighteen-pence.

"Not a penny more than a shilling," was the firm reply. "I tell you they are not worth that to me."

The boots were at length left, and the shilling taken. Mrs. Dunn solaced herself with a pint of half-and-half in a beer shop, and went home with the change.

Upon no home had the strike acted with worse effects than upon that of the Dunns. Irregularity had prevailed in it at the best of times; quarrelling and contention often; embarrassment, the result of bad management, frequently; upon such a home distress, long continued, bitter distress, was not likely to work for good. The father and a grown-up son were out of work; and the Misses Dunn were also thrown out of work. Their patronesses, almost without exception, consisted of the ladies of Daffodil's Delight, and, as you will readily conjecture, they had no funds just now to expend upon gowns and their making. Not only this: there was, from one party or another, a good bit of money owing to the Mrs. Dunn for past work, and this they could not get. They might just as well have asked for the moon as for money, owing or not owing, from the distressed wives of Daffodil's Delight. So, there they were: father, mother, son, daughters, all debarred from earning money; while all, with the younger children in addition, had to be kept. It was wearying work, that forced idleness, and that forced famine; and it worked badly, especially on the girls. Quarrelling they were accustomed to; embarrassment they did not mind: irregularity in domestic affairs they had lived in all their lives; but they could not bear the distress that had now come upon them. Mrs. Quale had, from the first, recommended the two sisters to try for situations; but when was advice ever taken? They tossed their heads at the idea of going out to service, and giving up their liberty, and their idleness; they urged that it might prevent them getting together again their business when things should look up; and they asked—and there was a good deal in the plea—how they were to go out, with their clothes in pledge?

Mrs. Dunn went in. The room was stripped of all, save a few things, too old or too useless for Mr. Cox to take; and, save for a little fire, it presented a complete picture of poverty. The children lay on the boards crying; not a loud cry, but a distressed moan. Very little indeed, even of bread, got those children; for James Dunn and his wife were too fond of beer to expend in much else the trifle allowed them by the Trades' Union. He, James Dunn, had come in since his wife left on her errand to the pawnbroker's, and sat, moody and cross, upon a bench. He, with many more workmen in a similar condition to himself, had been that day to one of the police courts, hoping to obtain pecuniary help from the magistrates. The pint of half-and-half upon an empty stomach had not tended to render Mrs. Dunn of a calmer temper. She addressed him snappishly.

"What, have you come in! Have you got any money?"

Mr. Dunn made no reply; unless a growl that sounded rather defiant constituted one. She returned to the charge.

"Have you got any money, I ask? or be you come home again with a empty pocket?"

"No, father hasn't got none: they didn't get any good by going there," said Jemima Dunn, who appeared to be looking in all sorts of corners and places, as if in search of something. "Ted Cheek told me about it, and he was one of 'em. The magistrate said to the men that there was plenty of work open for them if they liked to do it; and his opinion was, that if they did not like to do it, they wanted punishment, instead of assistance."

James Dunn broke out intemperately, with violent words. And then he relapsed into his gloomy mood again.

"I wish the strike had been buried five fathom deep, I do!" uttered Dunn, with a catching up of the breath that told of the emotion he strove to hide. "It have been nothing but a curse to us, all along; and where's to be the ending?"

"Who brought home all this misery, but you?" said Mrs. Dunn, again. "Have you done a day's work for weeks and months? No, you haven't. You have just rowed in the same boat with them nasty, lazy Unionists, and let the work go a begging."

"Who edged me on to join the Unionists? who reproached me with being no man, but a sneak, if I went to work and knuckled down to the masters?" spluttered Dunn, in his vexation. "It was you! you know it was you! You was fire hot for the strike; worse than ever the men were."

"Can we starve?" choked Mrs. Dunn. "Can we drop down into our coffins with famine? Be our children to be drove—"

Another interruption. Who should come bursting in but Mrs. Cheek! She had a tongue also, upon occasions.

"What has ever been going on here this last half hour? One would think murder was being committed. There's a dozen listeners collected outside your shutters."

"She's a casting it in my teeth now, for having joined the strike," exclaimed Dunn, indicating his wife. "She! And she was the foremost to edge us all on."

"Can one clam?" fiercely returned Mrs. Dunn. "Let him go to work."

"Don't be a fool, Hannah Dunn," said Mrs. Cheek. "I'd stand up for my rights till I dropped; and so must the men. It'll never do to bend to the will of the masters at last. There's enough men turning tail and going back, without the rest doing of it. I should like to see Cheek attempting it; I'd be on to him."

"Cheek don't want to; he have got no cause to," said Mrs. Dunn. "You get the living now, and find him in beer and bacca."

"I do; and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cheek's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charing, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manages to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

She went out as she spoke, abruptly and quickly as she had entered; for Mrs. Cheek had been bent on some hasty errand when arrested by the noise behind the shutters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

The article upon "Death," in the New Encyclopædia, has the following:—"As life approaches extinction, insensibility surpervenes—a numbness, and disposition to repose, which does not admit of the idea of suffering. Even in those cases where activity of mind remains to the last, and where nervous sensibility would seem to continue, it is surprising how often there has been observed a happy state of feeling on the approach of death. 'If I had sufficient strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy it is to die,' were the last words of the celebrated William Hunter during his last moments. Montaigne, in one of his essays, describes an incident which left him so senseless, he was taken up for dead. On being restored, however, he says: 'Methought my life hung only on my lips, and I shut up my eyes to help thrust it out, and took pleasure in languishing and letting go.'

"A writer in the Quarterly Review records that a gentleman who had been rescued from drowning, declared that he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright, he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were being closed forever. Yet he neither feared his fate nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation, which soothed and gratified him, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave.

COSTLESS VENTILATION.—A constant supply of fresh air is so important to our well-being, and in the prevention and cure of disease, that the subject needs no comment. The method is simple, economical, quite free from draughts, and does not get out of order. Raise the lower sash of the window, and place in front of the opening at the bottom rail a piece of wood of any approved depth; this leaves a corresponding space between the meeting rails in the middle of the window, through which the current of air is directed upwards towards the ceiling; the air is driven so high as to be warmed before it descends. The principle may be modified in various ways, making the bottom frame of wire blinds supersede the strip of wood: in a word, open the lower sash of the window two or three inches, and block it up any how, and the air enters the space in the middle, and is carried to the ceiling. It will be seen that this simple plan is adapted for the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich; in the latter, however, the draperies must be arranged so as not to interfere with the current of air towards the ceiling; it may be used in any weather, day and night, summer and winter; indeed, in the house of a medical friend, to ensure constant action, the window of his reception-room has been nailed open.—*Peter Hinckes Bird, F. R. C. S.*

DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.—A very romantic trait presents itself in the early acquaintance of the Hon. Miss Pakenham and Col. Wellesley, the future hero of Waterloo. They were both young, the lady petit in figure, but elegantly formed, and possessed of beautiful features. The gallant colonel was ordered to India, previously pledging vows of unalterable attachment. His glorious career there is recorded on the page of history. On his return, he found that the small-pox had almost totally destroyed the loveliness of the lady's face. She told the soldier that she released him from his vows; but he was true to his attachment, and almost immediately married the object of his juvenile affections. Her grace died with her hand in that of her husband, and her body lay at Apsley House at the very moment the mansion was attacked by the mob. The fact was not known to the stone throwers.

LAW OF NATURE, AS TO "SINGLE MEN."—By scientific inquiry as to whether male births are equal in number to female births, in has been discovered that *there is naturally a superfluous man.*" Thus says a learned work on the subject:—"By the simple expedient of registering the number of births and their sexes; by extending this registration over several years in different countries, we have been able to ascertain the existence of a law, which, expressed in round numbers, is, that for every *twenty girls there are twenty-one boys.*" According to this plain arrangement of Nature, therefore, every *twenty-one* th man is born un-mated!

☞ MORNING PRAYER.—The following is meant to be a companion piece to the well-known evening prayer for children, beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c:—

Now I rise from off my bed,
I pray the Lord for daily bread.
Keep me from sinful thought and deed,
Be with my steps in hour of need,
And make my soul, if Thou dost take,
All clean and pure for Jesus' sake.

☞ Some minds will always be slow till you cut them to the quick.

FOOD.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

The diversity prevailing in different nations in reference to articles of food, seems to confirm, in its literal sense, the proverbial saying, that "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Many an article of food which is in high esteem in one country, is regarded in others with an abhorrence which even famine can hardly surmount.

In the Shetland Islands it is said that *crabs* and *lobsters* abound; which the people catch for the London market, but refuse to eat, even when half-starved.

The *John Dory* is reckoned by epicures one of the choicest of fish; but in Devonshire, where it abounds, and also in Ireland, it used to be thrown away as unfit for food. There seems to be some superstition connected with this; as it is said that a Devonshire cook-maid flatly refused even to dress it.

Eels, which are abundant and of good quality, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and also in Scotland, are regarded by the people there with as much disgust as snakes.

Skate, which is in high estimation in England, in Ireland is hardly ever eaten, except by the fishermen.

Scallops, on the other hand, which are reckoned a dainty in Ireland, are hardly ever eaten in England; and though they are abundant on many of the coasts, few of the English have any idea that they are eatable.

The cuttle-fish, (that kind which produces the inky fluid,) though found on our coasts, is not eaten by us; but at Naples it is highly esteemed; and travellers report that it tastes like veal. Cock-chafers are, by the Italians, candied, and served up with other confectionery.

The Echinus, or Sea-egg, is also unknown to us as food, but is reckoned a delicacy in the West Indies.

The Hedge hog no one in England thinks of eating (either "*a la sauce piquante*," or otherwise,) except the gipsies, and some who have joined them, and who report that it is better that rabbit.

The sailors in the English and Dutch whale-ships do not eat the flesh of the *whale*. But those in the French whalers (with their well-known national skill in cookery,) are said to make a palatable dish of it.

By almost all the lower classes in England, *venison* and *game* of all kinds are held in abhorrence; and so are *fresh figs*.

By the Australian savages, *frogs*, *snakes*, large *moths* and *grubs* picked out of rotten wood, all of which the English settlers turn from with disgust, are esteemed as dainties; but they are shocked at our eating *oysters*.

Milk, as an article of food (except for sucking babies,) is loathed by the South Sea Islanders. Goats have been introduced into several of the islands; but the people deride the settlers for using their milk, and ask them why they do not milk the *sows*. On the other hand, *dogs* and *rats* are favorite articles of food with them.

These last (as is well known) are often eaten by the Chinese; who also eat salted *earth-worms*, and a kind of *sea-slug* (*Holothuria*,) which most Europeans would turn from with disgust.

In the narrative of Anson's voyage, is a full account of the prejudice of the South Americans (both Creoles and Indians) against Turtle, as poisonous. The prisoners captured in the prize-ships, warned our sailors against eating it, and for some time lived on bad ship-beef; but seeing that our men throve on the turtle, they began to eat it; at first, sparingly, and at length heartily. And when set ashore and liberated, they declared that they blessed the day of their capture, which had introduced them to a plentiful supply of wholesome and delicious food.

Horse-flesh, which most Europeans would refuse to eat except in great extremity, is preferred by the Tartars to all other; and the flesh of a wild *ass's colt* was greatly esteemed by the ancient Romans.

As for *pork*, it is on religious grounds that Jews and Mahommedans abstain from it (as the Hindus do from *beef*,) but the Christians of the East seem to have nearly an equal aversion to it; and the like prevailed to a great degree, till lately, in Scotland also. (*See Waverly* and *The Fortunes of Nigel.*)

The large *shell-snail*, called Escargot, was a favorite dainty with the ancient Romans, and still is so in a great part of the south of Europe, though most Englishmen would be half-starved before they would eat it.

It is said that in Vienna the large *wood-ants* are served up and eaten alive! And small land-crabs are eaten alive in China.

The *Iguana*, a large species of lizard, is reckoned a great dainty in some of the West India Islands. And the *monkey* and the *alligator* are eaten both in Africa and in South America; and some travellers who have overcome their prejudices, have pronounced them to be very good eating. A *large* crocodile or alligator, indeed, is said to have a strong musky flavor; but a young one tastes much like a skate.

Even when the same substances are eaten in different countries, there is often a strange difference in the mode of preparing them. Both we and the Icelanders use *butter*, but *they* store it up without salt, till it is rancid and sour.

We agree with the Abyssinians in liking *beef;* but they would probably object as much to the "*Roast*-beef of Old England," as we should to the half-living morsels of raw beef in which they delight.

Maize has been introduced into New Zealand by the missionaries; and the people cultivate and highly esteem it. But their mode of preparing it for food is to Europeans most disgusting. They steep it in water till it is putrid, and then make it into a kind of porridge, which emits an intolerable stench.

Human flesh has been, and still is, eaten in many parts of the world; and that by people considerably above the lowest rank of savages; such as the Fiji Islanders, and an Indian people called the Batta, who are said even to have a written language.

And even in cannibalism there are great diversities. Some nations eat their enemies, and some their friends. Herodotus relates that a Persian king asked the Indian soldiers that were in his service, what reward would induce them to *burn* the dead bodies of their friends, as the Greeks did, instead of *eating* them. They replied by entreating him not to mention anything so shocking.

On the other hand, the New Zealanders, before their conversion, who seem to have considered that "the proper diet of mankind is man," seem to have eaten only their enemies. Among the Australian savages, on the contrary, it is said, that if a mother finds a young baby troublesome to carry about, she will eat it (although she would not allow any one else to do so,) under the full persuasion that she has merely *deferred* its birth, and that the next child she bears will be a re-appearance of the eaten one. When remonstrated with by the Europeans, she will reply, "Oh, massa, he plenty come again!"

THE MARRIAGEABLE MAN.

The marriageable man is a personage of great importance. Go where he will among the other sex, he is sure of a cordial reception. His company is equally courted by the matron and the maid. The wife lavishes her attentions on him because she has a daughter with whom she is desirous he should enter into a matrimonial compact. The young girl plays the part of Miss Amiable on her own account. Between the attentions of the two he surely ought to be a happy man; for everybody knows that he who is fortunate enough to occupy a prominent place in the good graces of mother and daughter is sure, as a matter of course, also to enjoy the friendship of the husband and father, the brothers and sisters. In fact, *all* are his friends. He is or ought to be much more at home in the house of the marriageable girl than even the master of the establishment himself.

The female portion of the family, from mamma downwards, display the very perfection of amiability. Wherever he looks he encounters beaming eyes and smiling countenances. He lives in a region of smiles. And *such* smiles! Mother and daughters vie with each other in lavishing their choicest looks upon him.

Just see the difference between the smiles by which he is honored, and those which are bestowed by mamma or the marriageable miss on the unmarriageable man. Would you believe there could be so great a difference in the smile of the same lady? The marriageable man meets with friendship and favor at every step. Mamma and the young ladies overwhelm him with their attentions. They hang upon his breath; his wishes are anticipated before they are even formed.

He is the centre of the family circle. The females, mother and all, are but so many planets moving round him, and deriving all their happiness from him. He reads in their countenances that they are all dying to make him happy; and, in the overwhelming sense he entertains of this, and at the same time charitably forming his opinion of the sex generally, from the charming specimens by whom he is surrounded, he feels a burning indignation rise in his bosom as he recalls to mind the many harsh things he has uttered touching the tempers of women. He inwardly pronounces all such assertions or insinuations downright libels, and is impelled by so strong a sense of gallantry, that he could on the instant find it in his heart to call out any and every person who dared to whisper a word to the disadvantage of the sex.

Formerly he wondered at the extreme folly of Don Quixote and other knights errant of old, in doing gratuitous battle for the fair His wonder has vanished, or, rather, given place to supreme surprise that he ever could have felt such wonder at all. His astonishment now takes a different direction; it runs in an opposite channel. It is all the other way. The only matter of amazement with him is, that any one should quietly sit in his seat and not appeal to the pistols at once when a single reflection is hazarded respecting the temper or the virtues of the fair sex.

A CHRISTIAN WIFE.—How fitting to begin with those who are at once the centre of the domestic circle, and the source of that influence which binds all its members into one. Households there may be, well-ordered, and abounding in comfort; families there may be, whose various members live in harmony and love; but *homes*, in their true sense, there cannot be where there is not one whom manly choice has made a wife, and infant lips have learned to honor with the name of mother. She may not be, in common acceptation, the "head" of the household. But if she is not the head of the family, she is the *heart*. In her more hidden sphere originates the tide of love, whose beating pulse is felt in every part, dispensing life and cheerfulness to every member. Herself subject to authority, even her obedience becomes tributary to her power. And the same Gospel which enjoins the submission has exalted her upon the throne of love, and in its own true spirit taught her how to overcome by gentleness, and to rule by meekness and lowliness of heart.

"HAPPY MARRIAGES."—Mahomet, when only twenty-five years of age, married a wife of forty; Shakspeare's Ann Hathway was seven years his senior; Dr. Johnston's lady was twice his age at their marriage; Howard, the philanthropist, at twenty-five selected a wife of fifty-two; and Mrs. Row, the authoress, was fifteen years the senior of her husband; Margaret Fuller married the Count D'Ossoli, ten years younger than herself, and the immortal Jenny Lind is said to be eight or ten years older than her Otto Goldschmidt. And those were what are called "happy marriages."

☞ The best way to keep food on a weak stomach is not to bolt it down.

"BLESSED DREAMS."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The sunset's smile had left the sky—
The moon rose calm and fair,
As low a little maiden knelt
To breathe her nightly prayer;—
And thus her brief petition rose
In simple words and few—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Oh, I have stood in temples grand,
Where in the rainbowed gloom
Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips,
Through clouds of dense perfume—
But never one has seemed to me
So guileless, pure and new—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Ah, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need have we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise?
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But bow and pray with you,
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

—*Portland Transcript.*

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

KEEPING OFFICE.

Hamish entered the office. Arthur and Roland Yorke had their heads stretched out at the window, and did not hear his footsteps. He advanced quietly and brought his hands down hastily upon the shoulder of each. Roland started, and gave his head a knock against the window-frame.

"How you startle a fellow! I thought it was Mad Nance come in to seize hold of me."

"She has seized hold of enough for one day," said Hamish. "Harper will dream of her to-night."

"I thought Galloway would have gone into a fit, he laughed so," cried Arthur. "As to my sides, they'll ache for an hour."

Roland Yorke's lip curled with an angry expression. "My opinion coincides with Harper's," he said. "I think Mad Nance ought to be punished. We are none of us safe from her, if this is to be the game."

"If you punish her to-day, she would do the same again to-morrow, when the fit came over her," rejoined Hamish. "It is not often she breaks out like this. The only thing is, to steer clear of her."

"Hamish has a fellow feeling for that Mad Nance," mockingly spoke Roland Yorke.

"Yes, poor thing! for her story is a sad one. If the same grievous wrong were worked upon some of us, perhaps we might go mad and take to dancing for the benefit of the public. Talking of the public, Arthur," continued Hamish, turning to his brother, "what became of you at dinner-time? The mother was for setting the town-crier to work."

"I could not get home to-day. We have had double work to do, as Jenkins is away."

Hamish tilted himself on to the edge of Mr. Jenkins's desk, and took up the letter, apparently in abstraction, which Mr. Galloway had left there, ready for the post. "Mr. Robert Galloway, Sea-view Terrace, Ventnor, Isle of Wight," read he aloud. "That must be Mr. Galloway's cousin," he remarked; "the one who has got through so much money."

"Of course it is," answered Roland Yorke. "Galloway pretty near keeps him, I know. There's a £20 bank-note going to him in that letter. Catch me doing it, if I were Galloway!"

"I wish it was going into my pocket instead," said Hamish, balancing the letter on his fingers, as if he wished to test its weight.

"I wish the clouds would drop sovereigns! But they don't come any the quicker for my wishing it," said Roland Yorke.

Hamish put the letter back from whence he had taken it, and jumped off the desk.

"I must be walking," said he. "Stopping here will not do my work. If we—"

"By Jove! there's Knivett!" uttered Roland Yorke. "Where's he off to, so fast? I have something that I must tell him."

Snatching up his hat, Roland darted at full speed out of the office, in search of one who was running at full speed also down the street. Hamish looked out, amused, at the chase; Arthur, who had called after him in vain, seemed vexed.

"Knivett is one of the fleetest runners in Helstonleigh," said Hamish. "Yorke will scarcely catch him up."

"I wish Yorke would allow himself a little thought, and not act upon impulse," exclaimed Arthur. "I cannot stop three minutes longer; and he knows that! I shall be late for college."

He was already preparing to go thither. Putting some papers in order upon his desk, and locking up others, he carried the letter for Ventnor into Mr. Galloway's private room, and put it into the letter rack. Two others, ready for the post, were lying there. Then he went to the front door to look out for Yorke. Yorke was not to be seen.

"What a thoughtless fellow he is!" exclaimed Arthur, in his vexation. "What is to be done? Hamish, you will have to stop here."

"Thank you! what else?" asked Hamish.

"I must be at college, whatever betide." Which was true; yet neither might the office be left vacant. Arthur grew a little flurried. "Do stay, Hamish. It will not hinder you five minutes, I dare say. Yorke is sure to be in."

Hamish came to the door, halting on its first step, and looking out over Arthur's shoulder. He drew his head in again with a sudden movement.

"Is not that old Hopper down there?" he asked, below his breath, the tone sounding like one of fear.

Arthur turned his eyes on a shabby, old man, who was crossing the end of the street, and saw Hopper, the sheriff's officer.

"Yes, why?"

"It is that old fellow who holds the writ. He may be on the watch for me now. I can't go out just yet, Arthur; I'll stay here till Yorke comes back."

He returned to the office, sat down, and leaned his brow upon his hand. A strange brow of care it was, just then, ill according with the gay face of Hamish Channing. Arthur, waiting for no second permission, flew towards the cathedral as fast as his long legs would carry him. The dean and chapter were preparing to leave the chapter house as he tore past it, through the cloister. Three o'clock was striking. Arthur's heart and breath were alike panting when he gained the dark stairs. At that moment, to his excessive astonishment, the organ began to peal forth.

Seated at it was Mr. Williams; and a few words of explanation ensued. The organist said he should remain for the service, which rendered Arthur at liberty to go back again.

He was retracing his steps underneath the elm-trees in the Boundaries, at a less swift pace than he had recently passed them, when, in turning a corner, he came face to face with the sheriff's officer. Arthur, whose thoughts were at that moment fixed upon Hamish and his difficulties, started away from the man, in an impulse for which he could not have accounted.

"No need for you to be frightened of me, Mr. Arthur," said the man, who in his more palmy days, before he learnt to take more drink than was good for him, had been a clerk in Mr. Channing's office. "I have got nothing about me that will bite you."

He laid a stress upon the "you" in both cases. Arthur understood only too well what was meant, though he would not appear to do so.

"Nor anybody else, either, I hope, Hopper. A warm day, is it not?"

Hopper drew close to Arthur, not looking at him, apparently examining with hands and eyes the trunk of the elm-tree underneath which they had halted.

"You tell your brother not to put himself in my way," he said, in a low tone, his lips scarcely moving. "He is in a bit of trouble, as I suppose you know."

"Yes," breathed Arthur.

"Well, I don't want to serve the writ upon him; I won't serve it, unless he makes me, by throwing himself within length of my arm. If he sees me coming up one street, let him cut down another, into a shop, anywhere; I have got eyes that only see when I want 'em to. I come prowling about here once or twice a day for show, but I come at a time when I am pretty sure he can't be seen; just gone out, or just gone in. I'd rather not harm him."

"You are not so considerate to all," said Arthur, after a pause given to revolving the words, and to wonder whether they were spoken in good faith, or with some insidious purpose. He could not decide.

"No, I am not," pointedly returned Hopper, in answer. "There are some that I look after as sharp as a ferret looks after a rat, but I'll never do that by any son of Mr. Channing's. I can't forget the old days, sir, when your father was kind to me; he stood by me longer than my own friends did; but for him I should have starved in that long illness I had, when the office would have me no longer. Why don't Mr. Hamish settle this?" he abruptly added.

"I suppose he cannot," answered Arthur.

"It is but a bagatelle at the worst, and our folks would not have gone to extremities if he had shone only a disposition to settle. I am sure that if he would go to them now and pay down a £10 note, and say, 'You shall have the rest as I can get it,' they'd withdraw proceedings; ay, even for £5 I believe they would. Tell him to do it, Mr. Arthur; tell him I always know which way the wind blows with our people."

"I will tell him, but I fear he is very short of money just now. Five or ten pounds may be as impracticable to find sometimes as five or ten thousand."

"Better find it than that he should be locked up," said Hopper. "How would the office get on? Deprive him of the power of management, and it might cost Mr. Channing his place. What use is a man of when he's in prison? I was in that office for ten years, Mr. Arthur, and I know every trick and turn in it, though I have left it a good while. And now that I have just said this, I'll go on; and mind you tell him."

"Thank you," warmly replied Arthur.

"And when you have told him, please to forget that you have heard it. There's somebody's eyes peering at me over the deanery blinds. They may peer! I don't mind them; deaneries don't trouble themselves with sheriff's officers."

He glided away, and Arthur went straight to the office. Hamish was alone; he was seated at Mr. Jenkins's desk, writing a note.

"You here still, Hamish! Where's Yorke?"

"Echo answers where," replied Hamish, who appeared to have recovered his full flow of spirits. "I have seen nothing of him."

"That's Yorke all over! It is too bad."

"It would be, were this a busy afternoon with me. But what brings you back, Mr. Arthur? Have you left the organ to play itself?"

"Williams is taking it; he heard of Jenkins's accident, and thought I might not be able to get away from the office twice to-day, so he attended himself."

"Come, that's good-natured of Williams! A bargain's a bargain, and having made the bargain, of course it is your own look-out that you fulfill it. Yes, it was considerate of Williams."

"Considerate for himself," said Arthur; "he did not come down to give me holiday, but in the fear lest Mr. Galloway should prevent my attending. 'A pretty thing it would have been,' he said to me, 'had there been no organist this afternoon; it might have cost me my place.'"

"Moonshine!" said Hamish. "It might have cost him a word of reprimand, nothing more."

"Helstonleigh's dean is a strict one, remember. I told Williams he might always depend upon me."

"What should you have done, pray, had I not been here to turn office-keeper?" laughed Hamish.

"Of the two duties I must have obeyed the most important one. I should have locked the office up and given the key to the housekeeper till college was over, or till Yorke returned. He deserves something for this move. Has any one called?"

"No. Arthur, I have been making free with a sheet of paper and an envelope," said Hamish, completing the note he was writing. "I suppose I am welcome to it?"

"To ten, if you want them," returned Arthur. "To whom are you writing?"

"As if I should put you *au courant* of my love-letters!" gaily answered Hamish.

How could Hamish indulge in this careless gayety with the sword hanging over his head? It was verily a puzzle to Arthur. A light, sunny nature was Hamish Channing's. This sobering blow which had fallen on it had probably not come before it was needed. Had his bark been sailing in waters perpetually smooth, he might have wasted his life, indolently basking on the calm seductive waves. But the storm arose, the waves ran high, threatening to engulf him, and Hamish knew that his best energies must be put forth to surmount them. Never, never talk of troubles as dark, unmitigated evils: to the God-fearing, the God-trusting, they are fraught with hidden love.

"Hamish, were I threatened with evil, as you are, I could not be otherwise than oppressed and serious."

"Where would be the use of that?" cried gay Hamish. "Care killed a cat. Look here, Arthur, you and your grave face! Did you ever know care do a fellow good? I never did; but a great deal of harm. I shall manage to scramble out of my pit somehow. You'll see." He put the note in his pocket, as he spoke, and took up his hat to depart.

"Stop an instant longer, Hamish. I have just met Hopper."

"He did not convert you into a writ-server, I hope. I don't think it would be a legal service."

"There you are, making joke of it again! Hamish, he has the writ, but he does not wish to serve it. You are to keep out of his way, he says, and he will not seek to put himself in yours. My father was kind to him in days gone by, and he remembers it now."

"He's a regular trump! I'll send him half-a-crown in a parcel," exclaimed Hamish.

"I wish you would hear me out. He says a £10 note, perhaps a £5 note, paid on account, would induce 'his people'—I suppose you understand the phrase—to stay proceedings, and give you time. He strongly advises it to be done. That's all."

Not only all Arthur had to say upon the point, but all he had time to say. At that moment the barouche of Lady Augusta Yorke drove up to the door, and they both went out to it. Lady Augusta, her daughter Fanny, and Constance Channing were in it. She was on her way to attend a missionary meeting at the Guildhall, and had come to take up Roland, that he might escort her into the room.

"Roland is not to be found, Lady Augusta," said Hamish, raising his hat, with one of his sunny smiles. "He darted off, it is impossible to say where, thereby making me a prisoner. My brother had to attend the cathedral, and there was nobody to keep office."

"Then I think I must also make a prisoner of you, Mr. Hamish Channing," graciously said Lady Augusta. "Will you accompany us?"

Hamish shook his head. "I wish I could; but I have already wasted more time than I ought to have done."

"It will not cost you five minutes more," urged Lady Augusta. "You shall only just take us into the hall; I will release you then, if you must be released. Three ladies never can go in alone: fancy how we should get stared at!"

Constance bent her pretty face forward. "Do, Hamish, if you can!"

He suffered himself to be persuaded, stepped into the barouche, and took his seat by Lady Augusta. As they drove away, Arthur thought the greatest ornament the carriage contained had been added to it in handsome Hamish.

A full hour Arthur worked on at his deeds and leases, and Yorke never returned. Mr. Galloway came in then. "Where's Yorke?" was his first question.

Arthur replied that he did not know; he had "stepped out" somewhere. Arthur Channing was not one to make mischief, or get another into trouble. Mr. Galloway asked no further: he probably inferred that Yorke had but just gone. He sat down at Jenkins's desk, and began to read over a lease.

"Can I have the stamps, sir, for this deed?" Arthur presently asked.

"They are not ready. Are the letters gone to the post?"

"Not yet, sir."

"You can take them, now, then. And, Arthur, suppose you step in, as you return, and see how Jenkins is."

"Very well, sir." He went into Mr. Galloway's room, and brought forth the three letters from the rack. "Is this one not to be sealed?" he inquired of Mr. Galloway, indicating the one directed to Ventnor, for it was Mr. Galloway's invariable custom to seal letters which contained money, after they had been fastened down with the gum. "It is a double surety," he would say.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Mr. Galloway. "I went off in a hurry, and did not do it. Bring me the wax."

Arthur handed him the sealing-wax and a light. Mr. Galloway sealed the letter, stamping it with the seal hanging to his watch-chain. He then held out his hand for another of the letters, and sealed that. "And this one, also?" inquired Arthur, holding out the third.

"No. You can take them, now."

Arthur departed. A few paces from the door he met Roland Yorke, coming along in a white heat.

"Channing, I could not help it—I could not, upon my honor. I had to go somewhere with Knivett, and we were kept till now. Galloway's in an awful rage, I suppose?"

"He has only just come in. You had no right to play me this trick, Yorke. But for Hamish being there, I must have locked up the office. Don't you do it again, or Mr. Galloway may get to hear of it."

"It is all owing to that confounded Jenkins!" flashed Roland. "Why did he go and get his head smashed? You are a good fellow, Arthur. I'll do you a neighborly turn, some time."

He sped into the office, and Arthur walked to the post with the letters. Coming back, he turned into Mrs. Jenkins's shop in the High street.

"Mrs. Jenkins was behind the counter. "Oh, go up! go up and see him!" she cried in a tone of suppressed passion. "His bedroom's front, up the two-pair flight. I'll take my affidavit that there have been fifty folks here this day to see him, if there has been one. You'll find other company up there!"

Arthur groped his way up the stairs; they were dark to his sight, coming in from the garish sunshine. He found the room indicated, and entered. Jenkins lay in his bed, his bandaged head upon the pillow, and, seated by his side, his apron falling, and his clerical hat held between his knees, was the Bishop of Helstonleigh.

CHAPTER XV.

A SPLASH IN THE RIVER.

Amongst other received facts, patent to common and uncommon sense, is the very obvious one that a man cannot be in two places at once. Many a prisoner, accused wrongfully, has made clear his innocence, and saved his life by proving this; if he were in one place, he could not have been in another, establishing what is called an *alibi*. In like manner, no author, that I ever heard of, was able to relate two different portions of his narrative at one and the same time. Thus, you will readily understand, that if I devoted last week's paper to Mr. Galloway, his clerks, and their concerns generally, it could not be given to Mr. Ketch and *his* concerns; although, in the strict order of time and precedence, the latter gentleman might have claimed an equal, if not a premier right.

Mr. Ketch stood in his lodge, his body leaning for support upon the shut-up press-bedstead, which, by day, looked like a high chest of drawers with brass handles, and his eyes fixed on the keys, hanging on the nail opposite to him. His state of mind may be best expressed by the strange epithet, "savage." Mr. Ketch had not a pleasant-looking face at the best of times; it was green and withered, and his small, bright eyes were always dropping water, and the two or three locks of hair which he still possessed were of faded yellow, and stood out, solitary and stiff, after the manner of those pictures you have seen of heathens, who decorate their heads with three upright tails. At this moment his countenance looked particularly unpleasant.

Mr. Ketch had spent part of the night and the whole of this morning revolving the previous evening's affair of the cloisters. The more he thought of it the less he liked it, and the surer grew his conviction that the evil had been the work of his enemies, the college boys.

"It's as safe as day!" he wrathfully soliloquised. "There be the right keys," nodding to the hanging two, "and there be the wrong ones," nodding towards an old knife-tray, into which he had angrily thrown the rusty keys, upon entering his lodge the last night, accompanied by the crowd. "They meant to lock me up all night in the cloisters, the wicked cannibals! I hope the dean 'll expel 'em! I'll make my complaint to the head-master, I will! Drat all college schools! there's never no good done in 'em!"

"How are you this morning, Ketch?"

The salutation proceeded from Stephen Bywater, who, in the boisterous manner peculiar to himself and his tribe, had flung open the door without the ceremony of knocking.

"I am none the better for seeing you," growled Ketch.

"You need not be uncivil," returned Bywater, with great suavity. "I am only making a morning call upon you, as is the fashion among gentlefolks; the public delights to pay respect to its officials, you know. How do you feel after that mishap last night? We can't think, any of us, however you came to make the mistake."

"I'll 'mistake' you!" shrieked Ketch. "I kep' a nasty, old, rusty brace o' keys in my lodge to take out, instead o' the right ones, didn't I?"

"How uncommon stupid it was of you to do so!" said Bywater, pretending to take the remark literally. "I would not keep a duplicate pair of keys by me—I should make sure they'd bring me to grief. What do you say? You did *not* keep duplicate keys—they were false ones! Why, that's just what we all told you last night. The bishop told it you. He said he knew you had made a mistake, and taken out the wrong keys for the right. *My* belief is, that you went out without any keys at all. You left them hanging upon the nail, and you found them there. You had not got a second pair!"

"You just wait!" raved old Ketch. "I'm a coming round to the head master, and I'll bring the keys with me. He'll let you boys know whether there's two pairs, or one. Horrid old rusty things they be; as rusty as you!"

"Who says they are rusty?"

"Who says it! They *be* rusty!" shrieked the old man. "You'd like to get me into a mad house, you boys would, a-worrying of me! I'll show you whether they be rusty! I'll show you whether there's a second brace o' keys or not! I'll show 'em to the head master! I'll show 'em to the dean! I'll show 'em again to his lordship the bi— What's gone of the keys?"

The last sentence was uttered in a different tone, in apparent perplexity. With shaking hands, and excited by passion, Mr. Ketch was rummaging in the knife-box—an old, deep tray, of mahogany, dark with age, divided by a partition—rummaging for the rusty keys. He could not find them. He searched on this side, he searched on that; he pulled out the contents, one by one: a black-handled knife, a white-handled fork, a green-handled knife with a broken point, and a brown-handled fork with one prong, which comprised his household cutlery; a small whetstone, a comb and a blacking-brush, a gimlet, and a small hammer, some leather shoe-strings, three or four tallow candles, a match-box and an extinguisher, the key of his door, the bolt of his casement window, and a few other miscellanies. He could not come upon the false keys, and, finally, he made a snatch at the tray, and turned it upside down. The keys were not there.

When he had fully taken in the fact—which cost him some little time to do—he turned his anger upon Bywater.

"You have took 'em, you have! you have turned thief and stole 'em! I put 'em here in the knife-box, and they are gone! What have you done with 'em?"

"Come, that's good!" exclaimed Bywater, in too genuine a tone to admit a suspicion of its truth. "I have not been near your knife-box; I have not put my foot inside the door."

In point of fact, Bywater had not; he had stood outside, bending his head and body inwards, his hands grasping either door-post.

"What's gone with 'em? who has took 'em off? I'll swear I put 'em there, and I have never looked at 'em nor touched 'em since! There's an infamous conspiracy a forming again me! I'm a going to be blowed up like Guy Fawkes!"

"If you did put them there—'if,' you know—some of your friends must have taken them," cried Bywater, in a tone, midway between reason and irony.

"There haven't a soul been nigh the place," shrieked Ketch. "Except the milk, and he gave me my ha'porth through the winder."

"Hurrah!" said Bywater, throwing up his trencher. "It's a clear case of dreams. You dreamt you had a second pair of keys, Ketch, and couldn't get rid of the impression on awaking. Mr. Ketch, D. H., dreamer-in-chief to Helstonleigh!"

Bywater commenced a dance of aggravation. Ketch was aggravated sufficiently without it.

"What d'ye call me?" he asked, in a state of concentrated temper that turned his face livid. "'D?' What d'ye mean by 'D?' D stands for that bad spirit as is too near to you college boys; he's among you always, like a raging lion. It's like your impudence to call me by his name!"

"My dear Mr. Ketch! call *you* by his name! I never thought of such a thing," politely retorted Bywater. "You are not promoted to that honor yet. D. H. stands for Deputy Hangman. Isn't it affixed to the cathedral roll, kept amid the archives in the chapter house—'John Ketch, D. H., porter to the cloisters!' I hope you don't omit the distinguished initials when you sign your letters?"

Ketch foamed. Bywater danced. The former could not find words. The latter found plenty.

"I say, though, Mr. Calcraft, don't you make a similar mistake when you are going on public duty. If you were to go *there*, dreaming you had got the right apparatus, and find, in the last critical moment, that you had brought the wrong, you don't know what the consequences might be. The real victim might escape, rescued by the enraged crowd, and they might put the nightcap upon you, and operate upon you instead! So, be careful. We couldn't afford to lose you: only think what a lot of money it would cost to put the college into mourning!"

Ketch gave a great gasp of agony, threw an iron ladle at his tormentor, which, falling short of its aim, came clanking down on the red brick floor, and banged the door in Bywater's face. Bywater withdrew to a short distance under cover of the cathedral wall, and bent his body backwards and forwards with the violence of his laughter, unconscious that the Bishop of Helstonleigh was standing near, surveying him with an exceedingly amused expression. His lordship had been an ear-witness to part of the colloquy, very much to his edification.

"What is your mirth, Bywater?"

Bywater drew himself straight, and turned round as if he had been shot. "I was only laughing, my lord," he said, touching his trencher.

"I see you were; you will lose your breath entirely some day, if you laugh in that violent manner. What were you and Ketch quarrelling about?"

"We were not quarrelling, my lord. I was only chaff—teasing him," rejoined Bywater, substituting one word for another, as if fearing the first might not be altogether suitable to the bishop's ears; "and Ketch got into a passion."

"As he often does, I fear," remarked his lordship. "I fancy you boys provoke him unjustifiably."

"My lord," said Bywater, turning his red, impudent, but honest face full upon the prelate, "I don't deny that we do provoke him; but you can have no idea what an awful tyrant he is to us. I can't believe anybody was ever born with such a cross-grained temper. He vents it upon everybody; not only upon the college boys, but upon all who come in his way. If your lordship were not the bishop," added bold Bywater, "he would vent it upon you."

"Would he?" said the bishop, who was a dear lover of candor, and would have excused a whole bushel of mischief, rather than one little grain of a lie.

"Not a day passes, but he sets upon us with his tongue. He would keep us out of the cloisters; he would keep us out of our own school-room. He goes to the head master with the most unfounded cram—stories, and when the master declines to notice them (for he knows Ketch of old) then he goes presumingly to the dean. If he let us alone, we should let him alone. I am not speaking this in the light of a complaint to your lordship," Bywater added, throwing his head back. "I don't want to get him into a row, tyrant though he is; and the college boys can hold their own against Ketch."

"I expect they can," significantly replied the bishop. "He would keep you out of the cloisters, would he?"

"It is what he is aiming at," returned Bywater. "There never would have been a word said about our playing there but for him. If the dean shuts us out it will be Ketch's doings. The college boys have played in the cloisters since the school was founded."

"He would keep you out of the cloisters; so, by way of retaliation, you lock him in them—an uncomfortable abiding place for a night, Bywater."

"My lord!" cried Bywater.

"Sir!" responded his lordship!

"Does your lordship think that it was I who played that trick to Ketch?"

"Yes I do—speaking of you conjointly with the school."

Bywater's eyes and his good-humored countenance fell before the steady gaze of the prelate. But in the gaze there was an earnest—if Bywater could read it aright—of good feeling, of excuse for the mischief, rather than of punishment in store. The boy's face was red enough at all times, but it turned to scarlet now. If the bishop had suspected previously the share played in the affair by the college boys, it had by this time been converted into a certainty.

"Boy," said he, "confess it if you like, be silent if you like; but do not tell me a lie."

Bywater rose his face again. His free, fearless eyes—free in the cause of daring, but fearless in that of truth—looked straight into those of the bishop. "I never do tell lies," he answered. "There's not a boy in the school punished oftener than I am; and I don't say but I mostly deserve it; but it never is for telling a lie. If I did tell them, I should slide out of many a scrape that I get punished for now."

The bishop could read truth as well as anybody—better than some, and he saw that it was being told to him.

"Which of you must be punished for this trick as ringleader?" he asked.

"I, my lord, if any one must," frankly avowed Bywater. "We should have let him out at ten o'clock. We never meant to keep him there all night. If I am punished, I hope your lordship will be so kind as allow it to be put down to your account, not to Ketch's. I should not like it to be thought I caught it for *him*. I heartily beg your pardon, my lord, for having been so unfortunate as to include you in the locking-up. We are all as sorry as can be that it should have happened. I am ready to take any punishment for that you may order me."

"Ah!" said the bishop, "had you known that I was in the cloisters, your friend Ketch would have come off scot free!"

"Yes, that he would, until—"

"Until what?" asked the bishop, for Bywater had brought his words to a sudden standstill.

"Until a more convenient night, I was going to say, my lord."

"Well, that's candid," said the bishop. "Bywater," he gravely added, "you have spoken the truth to me freely. Had you equivocated in the slightest degree, I should have punished you for the equivocation. As it is, I shall look upon this as a confidential communication, and *not* order you punishment. But we will not have any more tricks played at locking Ketch up. You understand?"

"All right, my lord. Thank you a hundred times."

Bywater, touching his trencher, leaped off. The bishop turned to enter his palace gates, which were close by, and encountered Ketch talking to the head master. The latter had been passing the lodge, when he was seen and pounced upon by Ketch, who thought it a good opportunity to make his complaint.

"I am morally sure it was them, sir, as I am that I be alive," he was saying when the bishop came up. "And I don't know who they has dealings with; but, for certain, they have sperited away them rusty keys what did the mischief, without so much as putting one o' their noses inside my lodge. I put 'em safe in the knife-box last night, and they be gone this morning. I hope, sir, you'll punish them as they deserve. I am nothing, of course. If they had locked me up, and kept me there till I was worn to a skeleton's bones when found, it might be thought light of; but his lordship, the bishop"—bowing sideways to the prelate—"was a sufferer by their wickedness."

"To be sure I was," said the bishop, in a grave tone, but with a twinkle in his eye; "and, therefore, the complaint to Mr. Pye must be preferred by me, Ketch. We will talk of it when I have leisure," he added to Mr. Pye, with a pleasant nod, as he went through the palace gates.

The head master bowed to the bishop and walked away, leaving Ketch on the growl.

Meanwhile, Bywater, flying through the cloisters, came upon Hurst, and two or three more of the conspirators. The time was between nine and ten. The boys had been home for breakfast after early school, and were now reassembling, but they did not go into school until a quarter before ten o'clock.

"He is such a glorious old trump, that

bishop!" burst forth Bywater. "He knows all about it, and he is not going to put us up for punishment. Let's cut round to the palace gates and cheer him."

"Knows that it was us!" echoed the boys, startled. "How did it come out to him?" asked Hurst.

"He guessed it, I think," said Bywater, "and he taxed me with it downright. So I couldn't help myself, and told him I'd take the punishment; and he said he'd excuse us, but there was to be no locking up of Mr. Calcraft again. I'll lay a hundred guineas the bishop went in for scrapes himself when he was a boy! I'll be bound he thinks we only served the fellow right. Hurrah for the bishop!"

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst, with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff! I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his note changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Moonshine!" laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he alighted flat. My father was round with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not he. What next?" cried Hurst. "Should I stand before him and take my trencher off, with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the college boys who served out old Ketch?' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast, this morning, that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the wrong keys. 'Of course, sir!' answered I."

"Oh! what d'you think, though?" interrupted Bywater. "Ketch can't find the keys. He put them in a knife-box, he says, and this morning they are gone. He intended to take them round to Pye, and I left him going rampant over the loss. Didn't I chaff him!"

Hurst laughed. He unbuttoned the pocket of his trowsers, and partially exhibited two rusty keys.

"I was not going to leave them to Ketch for witnesses," said he. "I saw him throw them into the tray last night, and I walked them out again, while he was talking to the crowd."

"I say, Hurst, don't be such a ninny as to keep them about you!" exclaimed Berkeley, in a fright. "Suppose Pye should go in for a search this morning, and visit our pockets? You'd floor us at once!"

"The truth is, I don't know where to put them," ingenuously acknowledged Hurst. "If I hid them at home, they'd get found; if I dropped them in the street, some hullaballoo might arise from it."

"Let's carry them back to the old-iron shop, and get the fellow to retake them at half the price we gave!"

"Catch him doing that! Besides, the trick is sure to get wind in the town; he might be capable of coming forward and declaring that we bought the keys at his shop!"

"Let's throw 'em down old Pye's well!"

"They'd come up again in the bucket, like ghosts do!"

"Couldn't we make a railway parcel of them, and direct it to 'Mr. Smith, London?'"

"'Two pounds to pay; to be kept till called for,'" added Mark Galloway, improving upon the suggestion. "They'd put it in their fire-proof safe, and it would never come out again."

"Dash them into the river," said Stephen Bywater; "that's the only safe place; they'd lie at the bottom for ever. We have got time to do it now. Come along!"

Acting promptly upon the impulse, as schoolboys usually do, they went galloping out of the cloisters, running against the head master, who was entering then, and nearly overturning his equilibrium. He gave them an angry word of caution; they touched their caps in reply, and somewhat slackened their speed, resuming the gallop when he was beyond hearing.

Inclosing the cathedral and its precincts on the western side was a wall, built of red stone. It was only breast high, standing on this side, the cathedral side; but on the other it descended several feet, to the broad path which ran along the banks of the river. The boys made for this wall, and gained it, their faces hot and their breath gone.

"Who'll pitch 'em in?" cried Hurst, who did not altogether relish being chief actor himself, for windows looked on to that particular spot from various angles and corners of the Boundaries. "You shall do it, Galloway!"

"Oh, shall I, though!" returned young Galloway, not relishing it, either.

"You precious rebel! Take the keys, and do as I order you!"

Young Galloway was under Hurst. He no more dared to disobey him than he could have disobeyed the head master. Had Hurst ordered him to jump into the river he must have done it. He took the keys tendered him by Hurst, and was raising them for the pitch, when Bywater laid his hand upon them and struck them down with a sudden movement, clutching them to him.

"You little wretch, you are as deaf as a donkey!" he uttered. "There's somebody coming up. Turn your head, and look who it is."

It proved to be Fordham, the dean's servant. He was but accidentally passing. The boys did not fear him; nevertheless, it was only prudent to remain still, until he had gone. They stood, all the five, leaning upon the wall, soiling their waistcoats and the sleeves of their jackets, in apparent contemplation of the view beyond. A pleasant view! The river wound peacefully along between its green banks; meadows and cornfields were stretched out beyond; while an opening afforded a glimpse of that lovely chain of hills, their tops touching the blue sky, and the white houses nestled at their base. A barge, drawn by a horse, was appearing slowly from underneath the city bridge, blue smoke ascending from its chimney. A woman on board was hanging out linen to dry—a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a handkerchief—her husband's change for the coming Sunday. A young girl was scraping potatoes beside her; and a man, probably the husband, sat steering, his pipe in his mouth. The boys fixed their eyes upon the boat.

"I shouldn't mind such a life as that fellow's yonder!" exclaimed young Berkeley, who was fonder of idleness than he was of Latin. "I'll turn bargeman if other trades fail. It must be rather jolly to sit steering a boat all day, and do nothing but smoke."

"Fordham's gone, and be hanged to him! Now for it, Galloway!"

"Stop a bit," said Bywater. "They must be wrapped up, or else tied close together. Better wrap them up, and then no matter who sees. They can't swear there are keys inside. Who has got any paper?"

One of the boys, Hall, had his exercise book with him. They tore a sheet or two out of it, and folded it round the keys, Hurst producing some string. "I'll be flinger," said Bywater.

"Make haste, then, or we shall have to wait till the barge has gone by."

Bywater took a cautious look round, saw nobody, and flung the parcel into the middle of the river. "*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto!*" ejaculated he.

"Now, you gents, what be you a throwing into the river?"

The words came from Hudson, the porter to the Boundaries, who appeared to have sprung up from the ground. In reality, he had been standing on the steps leading to the river, but the boat-house had hid him from their view. He was a very different man from the cloister porter; was afraid of the college boys, rather than otherwise, and addressed them individually as "sir." The keeper of the boat-house heard this, and came up the steps.

"If you gentlemen have been a throwing anything into the river, you know that it's against the rules."

"Don't bother!" returned Hurst to the keeper.

"But you know it *is* wrong, gentlemen," remonstrated the keeper. "What was it you throwed in? It made a dreadful splash."

"Ah! what was it?" coolly answered Hurst. "What should you say to a dead cat? Hudson, have the goodness to mind *your* business, unless you would like to get reported for interfering with what does not concern you."

"There's a quarter to ten!" exclaimed Bywater, as the college clock chimed the three-quarters. "We shall be marked late, every soul of us!"

They flew away, their feet scarcely touching the ground, clattered up the school-room stairs, and took their places. Gaunt was only beginning to call over the roll, and they escaped the "late" mark.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," said saucy Bywater.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUCH TO ALTER.

At the same moment Constance Channing was traversing the Boundaries, on her way to the house of Lady Augusta Yorke, where she had, some days since, commenced her duties. It took her scarcely two minutes to get there, for the houses were nearly within view of each other. Constance would willingly have commenced the daily routine at an earlier hour. Lady Augusta freely confessed that to come earlier would be useless, for she could not get her daughters up. Strictly speaking, Lady Augusta did not try personally to get them up, for she generally lay in bed herself. "That is one of the habits I must alter in the children," thought Constance.

She entered, took off her things in the room appropriated, and passed into the school-room. It was empty, though the children ought to have been there preparing their lessons. Fanny came running in, her hair a mass of curl-papers, and her mouth full of bread-and-butter.

"Carry has not finished her breakfast, Miss Channing," quoth she. "She was lazy this morning!"

"I think somebody else was lazy also," said Constance, gently drawing the child to her. "Why did you come down half dressed, my dear?"

"I am whole dressed," responded Fanny. "My frock's on, and my pinafore."

"And these?" said Constance, touching the curl-papers.

"Oh, Martha got up too late, and said she had no time to take them out. It will keep in curl all the better, Miss Channing; and perhaps I am going to the missionary meeting with mamma."

Constance rang the bell. Martha, who was the only maid kept except the cook, appeared in answer to it. Lady Augusta was wont to say that she had too much expense with her boys to keep many servants; and the argument was true.

"Be so kind as to take the papers out of Miss Fanny's hair. And let it be done in future, Martha, before she comes to me."

Gently as the words were spoken, there was no mistaking that the tone was one of authority, and not to be trifled with. Martha withdrew with the child. And, just then, Caroline came in, full of eagerness.

"Miss Channing, mamma says she shall take one of us to the missionary meeting, whichever you choose to fix upon. Mind you fix upon me! What does that little chit, Fanny, want at a missionary meeting? She is too young."

"It is expected to be a very interesting meeting," observed Constance, making no reply to Miss Caroline's special request. "A gentleman who has lived for some years amongst the poor heathens is to give a history of his personal experiences. Some of the anecdotes are beautiful."

"Who told you they were?" bluntly asked Caroline.

"Mr. Yorke," replied Constance, a pretty blush rising to her cheek. "He knows the gentleman well. You would be pleased to hear them."

"It is not for that I wish to go," said Caroline. "I think meetings, where there's nothing but talking, are the dullest things in the world. If I were to listen, it would send me to sleep."

"Then why do you wish so much to attend this one?"

"Because I shall wear my new dress. I have not had it on yet. It rained last Sunday, and mamma would not let me put it on for college. I was in such a passion."

Constance wondered where she should begin. There was so much to do, to alter; in so many ways. To set to work abruptly would never answer. It must be commenced gradually, almost imperceptibly, little by little.

"Caroline, do you know that you have disobeyed me?"

"In what way, Miss Channing?"

"Did I not request you to have that exercise written?"

"I know," said Caroline, with some contrition. "I intended to write it this morning before you came; but somehow I lay in bed."

"If I were to come to you every morning at seven o'clock, would you undertake to get up and be ready for me?" asked Constance.

Caroline drew a long face. She did not speak.

"My dear, you are fifteen."

"Well?" responded Caroline.

"And you must not feel hurt if I tell you that I should think no other young lady of that age and in your position is half so deficient as you are. Deficient in many ways, Caroline: in goodness, in thoughtfulness, in other desirable qualities; and greatly so in education. Annabel, who is a year younger than you, is twice as far advanced."

"Annabel says you worry her into learning."

"Annabel is fond of talking nonsense; but she is a good, loving child at heart. You would be surprised at the little trouble she really gives me, while she makes a show of giving me a great deal. I have *so much* to teach you, Caroline—to your mind and heart, as well as to your intellect—that I feel the hours, as at present arranged, will be insufficient. My dear, when you grow up a woman, I am sure you will wish to be a loving and a loved one."

Caroline burst into tears. "I should do better if mamma were not so cross with me, Miss Channing. I always do anything that William Yorke asks me; and I will do anything for you."

Constance kissed her. "Then you will begin by rising early, and being ready for me at seven?"

"Yes, I will," answered Caroline. "But Martha must be sure to call me. Are you going to the meeting this afternoon?"

"Of course not," said Constance. "My time now belongs to you."

"But I think mamma wishes you to go with us. She said something about it."

"Does she? I should very much like to go."

Lady Augusta came in and proffered the invitation to Constance to accompany them. Constance then spoke of giving the children the extra two hours, from seven to nine; it was really necessary, she said, if she was to do her duty by them.

"How very conscientious you are!" laughed Lady Augusta, her tone savoring of ridicule.

Constance colored almost to tears with her emotion.

"I am responsible to One always, Lady Augusta. I may not make mine only eye-service."

"You never will put up with our scrambling breakfast, Miss Channing. The boys are so unruly; and I do not get up to it half my time."

"I will go home to breakfast. I should prefer it. And be here again at ten."

"Whatever time do you get up?"

"Not very early," smiled Constance. "Hitherto I have risen at seven, summer and winter. Dressing and reading takes me just an hour; the other hour I find plenty of occupation for. We do not breakfast until nine, on account of Tom and Charley. I shall rise at six now, and come here at seven."

"Very well," said Lady Augusta. "I suppose this will only apply to the summer months. One of the girls shall only go with us to-day; whichever shall deserve it best."

"You are not leaving one of them at home to make room for me, I hope, Lady Augusta?"

"Not at all," answered Lady Augusta. "I never *chaperone* two children to a crowded meeting. People might say they took up the room of grown persons."

"You will let me go, not Caroline, Miss Channing?" pleaded Fanny, when her mother quitted them.

"No," said Caroline, sharply; "Miss Channing will fix upon me."

"I shall obey Lady Augusta, and decide upon the one who shall best merit it," smiled Constance. "It will be only right to do so."

"Suppose we are both good, and merit it equally?" suggested Fanny.

"Then, my dear little girl, you must not be disappointed if, in that case, I give the privilege to Caroline, as being the elder of the two. But I will make it up to you in some other way."

Alas for the resolution of poor Caroline! For a short while, an hour, or so, she did strive to do her best; but then the good resolves were forgotten, and idleness supervened. Not only idleness; temper also. Never had she been so troublesome to Constance as on this day; she even forgot herself so far as to be insolent. Fanny was taken to the Town Hall meeting—you saw her in the carriage when Lady Augusta drove to Mr. Galloway's office, and persuaded Hamish to join them—Caroline was left at home, in a state of open rebellion, with the lessons to learn which she had *not* learnt in the day.

"How shall you get on with them, Constance?" the Rev. Mr. Yorke inquired of her that same evening. "Have the weeds destroyed the good seed?"

"Not quite destroyed it," replied Constance, though she sighed sadly as she spoke, as if nearly losing heart for the task she had undertaken. "There is so much ill to undo. Caroline is the worst; the weeds, with her, have had longer time to get a-head. I think, perhaps, if I could keep her wholly with me for a twelvemonth or so, watching over her constantly, a great deal might be affected."

"If that anticipated living would fall, which seems very far away in the clouds, and you were wholly mine, we might have Caroline with us for a time," laughed Mr. Yorke.

Constance laughed too.

"Do not be impatient, or it will seem to be further off still. It will come, William."

They had been speaking in an under tone, standing together at a window, apart from the rest. Mr. Channing was lying on his sofa underneath the other window, and now spoke to Mr. Yorke.

"You had a treat, I hear, at the meeting to-day?"

"We had, indeed, sir," replied Mr. Yorke, advancing to take a seat near him. "It is not often we have the privilege of listening to so eloquent a speaker as Dr. Lamb. His experience is great, and his whole heart was in his subject. I should like to bring him here to call upon you."

"I shall be pleased to receive him," replied Mr. Channing.

"I think it is possible that his experience in another line may be of suggestive service to you," continued Mr. Yorke. "You are aware that it was ill health drove him home?"

"I have heard so."

"His complaint was rheumatism; very much, as I fancy, the same kind of rheumatism that afflicts you. He told me he came to Europe with but little hope; he feared his complaint had become chronic and incurable. But he has been restored in a wonderful manner, and is sound and healthy again."

"And what remedies did he use?" eagerly asked Mr. Channing.

"A three months' residence at some medicinal springs in Germany. Nothing else. When I say nothing else, of course I must imply that he was under medical treatment and supervision there. It is the same thing, you see, sir, that has been ordered for you."

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Channing, feeling how very faint appeared to be the hope that he should have the opportunity of trying it.

"I was mentioning your case to him," observed Mr. Yorke. "He said he had no doubt the baths would do you an equal good. He is a doctor, you know. I will bring him here to talk it over with you."

At that moment Mr. Galloway entered, and the subject was continued. Mr. Yorke and Mr. Galloway were eloquent in it, telling Mr. Channing that he *must* get to Germany, as a point of duty. The Channings themselves were silent; they could not see the way at all clear. When Mr. Yorke was leaving, he beckoned Constance and Arthur into the hall.

"Mr. Channing must go," he whispered to them. "Think of the stake! Renewed health, renewed exertion, renewed happiness! Arthur, you did not urge it by a single hopeful word."

Arthur did not feel hopeful; indeed his heart sank within him the whole time that they were talking. Hamish and his difficulties were the dark grief; though he could not tell this to Mr. Yorke. Were Mr. Channing to go abroad, and the arrest of Hamish to supervene upon it, the post they held and its emoluments might be taken from them at once and for ever.

"Dr. Lamb says the cost was so trifling as scarcely to be credited," continued Mr. Yorke, in a tone of remonstrance. "Arthur, *don't* you care to help—to save him?"

"I would move heaven and earth to save my father!" impulsively spoke Arthur, stung by the implied reproof. "I should not care what labor it cost me to get the money, so that I did get it."

"We all would," said Constance; "you must know we would, William. From Hamish, downwards."

"Who is that making free with Hamish's name?" demanded that gentleman himself, entering the house with a free step and merry countenance. "Did you think I was lost? I got seduced into joining your missionary-meeting people, and have had to stop at the office late, to make up for it."

"We have been talking about papa, Hamish," said Constance. "Fresh hope seems to arise daily that those German baths would restore him. They have cured Dr. Lamb."

"I say, Hamish, that the money must be found for it somehow," added Mr. Yorke.

"Found! of course it shall be found," cried gay Hamish. "I intend to be a chief contributor to it myself." But his joking words and careless manner jarred at that moment upon the spirit both of Arthur and Constance Channing.

Why? Could there have been any unconscious foreshadowing of the unseen evil to come?

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNDAY MORNING AT MR. CHANNING'S, AND AT LADY AUGUSTA'S.

The day of rest came round in due course. A day of rest it is in truth to those who have learned to make it such; a pleasant time of peace; a privileged season of commune with God; a loving day of social happiness for home and home ties. And yet, strange to say, it is to some, the most scuffling, uncomfortable, disagreeable day of all the seven.

Mrs. Channing's breakfast hour was nine o'clock on ordinary days, but thus late for convenience sake. On Sundays it was half-past eight. Discipline and training had rendered rules easy to be observed at Mr. Channing's; or, it may be better to say, it had rendered them difficult to be disobeyed. At half-past eight all were in the breakfast-room, dressed for the day. When the hour for divine service should arrive, they had but to put on their hats and bonnets to be ready for it. Even old Judy was grand on a Sunday morning. Her mob cap was of spotted net, instead of plain; and her check apron was replaced by a white one.

With great personal inconvenience, and some pain—for he was always worse in a morning—Mr. Channing would on that day rise to breakfast. It had been his invariable custom to take the reading himself on Sunday—the half-hour devoted to religion—and he was unwilling to break through it. Breakfast over, it was immediately entered upon, and would be finished by ten o'clock. He did not preach a sermon; he did not put up long prayers; it was only a little bit of homely preparation for the day and the services they were about to enter upon; very unwise it had been of Mr. Channing, to tire his children with a private service before the public service began.

Breakfast, on these mornings, was always a longer meal than usual. There was no necessity to bustle and hurry over it, in order to hasten to the various occupations of every-day life. It was taken in leisurely quiet, amidst much pleasant social converse. Mrs. Channing had many little odds and ends of rules which she had brought her children up to observe, all tending to the better hallowing of that privileged day. For one thing, she had never allowed them to put on new clothes upon the Sunday. The very best of us are but human; and one, to whom God gave great wisdom, has told us, that childhood and youth are vanity. When our hair grows gray and our body drooping, then we may be wise enough to begin to put vanity away from us; but, in earlier life, we no doubt possess our share. "This new suit of broad-cloth, home last night from the tailor's, how does it fit me?—how does it look, I wonder? Are you, who are staring at me, admiring the taste I have displayed in the selection?—are you thinking how tall and well my figure appears in it? But the coat is tight under the arms. Bother the fellow! he must alter it to-morrow. I feel like one in a vice.

"Oh, this charming bonnet! I am sure I never had on so becoming a one before! I am so glad I chose it white!—it contrasts so well with this lovely new lilac dress. Let me glance round! there's nobody looking *half* so well as I, I declare! I don't see a single new bonnet or dress out to-day, except mine. What a set of dowdies! Goodness me, though! she has dreadfully pinched my waist in, that dress-maker! I can't breathe. I shall be miserable all day."

Now all this—this self-complacency, self-absorption, self-torture—are very legitimate at times and seasons, for there's no help for it; and all the preaching of all the world could not put such feelings away from the young. In a greater or a less degree, they do and must prevail; new things must be donned for the first time, and we must grow accustomed to their fresh aspect—to their misfit. Very good. But Mrs. Channing did not choose that Sunday should be wasted in these idle thoughts: any day in the week, from Monday to Saturday, they might put on their new clothes, to get seasoned to them; but not on Sunday. I think the rule was a good one.

As they were assembling for breakfast on this morning, Arthur came in. It was so unusual for them to leave the house early on a Sunday, that Mr. Channing looked at him with surprise.

"I have been to see Jenkins, sir," he explained. "In coming home last night I met Mr. Hurst, who told me he feared Jenkins was getting worse. I would not go to see him then; it might have been late to disturb him, so I have been now."

"And how is he?" inquired Mr. Channing.

"A great deal better," replied Arthur. "So much better that Mr. Hurst says he may come to the office to-morrow, should there be no relapse. He enjoins strict quiet for him to-day. And Mrs. Jenkins is determined that he shall have quiet; therefore I am sure he will," Arthur added, laughing. "She says he appeared ill last night only from the number of visitors he had seen. They were coming in all day long, and on the Friday besides."

"Why should people flock to see Jenkins?" exclaimed Tom. "He's nobody."

"That's just what Mrs. Jenkins said this morning," returned Arthur. "I believe they go out of curiosity to hear the truth of the locking up in the cloisters. The bishop's having been one of the sufferers has aroused the interest of Helstonleigh."

"I am very glad that Jenkins is better," observed Mr. Channing.

"So am I," emphatically answered Arthur. He was pretty sure Tom had had no share in the exploit; but he did not know about Charley.

"The dean preaches to-day," suddenly called out Tom.

"How do you know?" demanded Annabel.

"Because I do," oracularly spoke Tom.

"Will you condescend to inform me how you know it, Tom, if you will not inform Annabel?"

Tom laughed. "The dean began his close residence yesterday, papa. Therefore we know he will preach to-day."

Mr. Channing sighed. He was debarred from hearing the gospel preached in public, and he felt the deprivation keenly, when he found that any particularly eminent man was to fill the cathedral pulpit. The dean of Helstonleigh was an admirable preacher.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Channing, in the uncontrollable impulse of the moment, "if I could but regain my health and strength!"

"It will come, James; God willing," said Mrs. Channing, looking up hopefully from the cups she was filling. "What I have heard of Dr. Lamb's restoration has put new confidence into me."

"I think Mr. Yorke intends to bring Dr. Lamb to see you this afternoon, papa," said Constance.

"I shall be glad to see him; I shall be glad to hear the particulars of his case and its cure," exclaimed Mr. Channing, with all conscious eagerness. "Did Mr. Yorke tell you he should bring him to-day, Constance?"

"Yes, papa. Dr. Lamb intends to be at the cathedral for afternoon service, and Mr. Yorke said he would bring him here afterwards."

"You must get him to take tea with us, Mary."

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Channing. "In six months from this, James, you may be as well and active as ever!"

Mr. Channing raised his hands, as if warding off the words. Not of the words was he afraid, but of the hopes they whispered. "I think too much about it already, Mary. It is not as though I were sure of getting to the medicinal baths."

"We will take care that you do that, sir," said Hamish, with his sunny smile.

"*You* cannot help in it, you know, Hamish," interposed saucy Annabel. "It will be Arthur and Constance who will help, not you. I heard you say so."

"But I have changed my mind, and intend to help," returned Hamish. "And, if you will allow me the remark, young lady, I think it would be better become a certain little girl, not to be quite so free with her tongue!"

Was Hamish speaking in jest, or earnest, with regard to the *helping* point of the affair? A peculiar tone in his voice, in spite of its lightness, had struck both Constance and Arthur, each being in the secret of his worse than want of funds.

Breakfast over, they gathered round Mr. Channing, as they did round their mother on other days. I hope you who read this are amid the number of the gatherers, or the gathered; and then you do not require to have the value of such brief moments enlarged upon.

The second bell was beginning to chime, as the Channing family entered the cloister gates. Tom and Charles had gone on previously. Panting, breathless, nearly knocking down Annabel, came Tod Yorke, terribly afraid of being marked late.

"Take care, Tod!" exclaimed Hamish. "Are you running for a wager?"

"Don't keep me, Mr. Hamish Channing! Those incapable servants of ours never called us till the bell began. I have had no breakfast, and Gerald couldn't find his shirt. He has had to come in his dirty one, with his waistcoat buttoned up. Won't my lady be in a rage when she sees him?"

Getting up and breakfasting were generally scuffling affairs at Lady Augusta's; but the confusion of every day was as nothing, compared to that of Sunday. Master Tod was wrong when he complained that he had not been called. The servants had called both him and Gerald, who shared the same room, but the young gentlemen had gone to sleep again. The hour named for breakfast was the same as other mornings, nine o'clock; but, for all the observance it obtained, they might as well have named nine at night. To give the servants their due, the breakfast, on this morning, was on the table at nine—that is, the cloth and the cups and saucers, and there it stopped till ten. The maids meanwhile enjoyed their own leisurely breakfast in the kitchen, regaling themselves with hot coffee, poached eggs, buttered toast, and a dish of gossip. At ten, Lady Augusta, who made a merit of always rising to breakfast on a Sunday, entered the breakfast parlor in a dirty morning wrapper, and rang the bell.

"Is nobody down?" cried she, sharply.

"I think not, my lady," was Martha's reply. "I have not heard them. I have been three times into the young ladies' room, but they would not get out of bed."

This was not quite true. Martha had been in *once*, and had got grumbled at for her pains. "None of them ever will get up on a Sunday morning," added Martha; "they say, 'where's the good?'"

"Bring in the breakfast," crossly responded Lady Augusta. "And then go up to the young ladies, and see whether the rest are getting up. What has the cook been at with this coffee?" Lady Augusta added, when she came to pour it out. "It is cold. Her coffee is always cold."

"It has been made half an hour, I know, my lady."

The first to appear was the youngest child of all, little Frank; the next, his brother, a year older; they were dirty collars, and their hair was uncombed. Then came the young ladies—Caroline without a frock, a shawl thrown on instead, and Fanny in her curl-papers. Lady Augusta scolded them for their late appearance, forgetting, possibly, that she set the example.

"It is not much after ten," said Caroline. "We shall be in time for college."

"It is hard upon half past," replied Lady Augusta. "Why do you come down in a petticoat, Caroline?"

"That stupid dressmaker has put no tape to my dress in front, and I could not fasten it down," fretfully responded Caroline. "Martha is sewing it on."

Roland lounged in, not more presentable than the rest. Why had Lady Augusta not brought them up to better habits? Why should they come down on a Sunday morning more untidy than on others? They would have told you, had you asked the question, that on other mornings they must be dressed, to hasten to their *daily* occupations. Ah! Had *Sunday* no occupation, then? Did it deserve no marked deference? Had I been Lady Augusta Yorke, I should have said to Roland that morning, when I saw his slip-shod slippers and his collarless neck, "If you show no respect for me, show it for the day!"

Half-past ten struck, and Lady Augusta started up to fly to her own room. She had much to do yet, ere she could be presentable for college. Caroline followed. Fanny wondered what Gerald and Tod would do. Not yet down!

"Those boys will get a tanning, to-morrow, from old Pye!" exclaimed Roland, remembering the time when "tannings" had been his portion for the same fault. "Go and see what they are after, Martha."

They were "after" jumping up in alarm, aroused by the college bell. Amidst wild confusion, for nothing seemed to be at hand, with harsh reproaches to Martha, touching shirts and socks, and other necessary articles of attire, they got down stairs, somehow, and flew out of the house on their way to the college school-room; Gerald drinking down a fresh-made cup of coffee, scalding hot; Tod cramming a thick piece of bread-and-butter into his trowsers' pocket, and trusting to good luck to eat it between-whiles. All this was nothing unusual; it was the customary scuffle of Sunday morning. The Yorkes did get to college, somehow, and there was an end of it.

After the conclusion of the service, as the congregation were dispersing, Mr. Galloway came up to Arthur Channing in the cloisters, and drew him aside.

"Do you recollect taking out the letters to the post last Friday afternoon?" he inquired.

"On Friday?" mused Arthur, who could not at the moment recollect much about that particular day's letters; it was he who generally posted them for the office. "Oh, yes, I do remember, sir," he replied, as the relative circumstances flashed across him.

Mr. Galloway looked at him, possibly doubting whether he really did remember. "How many letters were there for the post that afternoon?" he asked.

"Three," promptly rejoined Arthur. "Two were for London, and one was for Ventnor."

"Just so," assented Mr. Galloway. "Now, then, to whom did you entrust the posting of those letters?"

"I did not entrust them to any one," replied Arthur. "I posted them myself."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Arthur, in some surprise. But Mr. Galloway said no more, and gave no explanation of the reason for his inquiry. He turned into his own house, which was situated near the cloister gates, and Arthur went on to his.

Had you been attending worship in Helstonleigh Cathedral that same afternoon, you might have observed, as one of the congregation, a tall, stout man, with a dark, sallow face, and grey hair. He sat in a stall near to the Reverend William Yorke, who was the officiating minister for the afternoon. It was Dr. Lamb. A somewhat peculiar history was his. Brought up to the medical profession, and taking his physician's degree early, he went out to settle in New Zealand, where he had friends. Circumstances brought him into frequent contact with the natives there. A benevolent, thoughtful man, gifted by the Divine blessing, with much Christian grace, the sad spiritual state of these poor heathens gave the deepest concern to Dr. Lamb. He did what he could for them between whiles, but his profession took up most of his time; often did he wish he had more time at his command. A few years of hard work, and then the wish was realized. A small patrimony was bequeathed to him, sufficient to enable him to live. From that time he applied himself to the arduous duties of a missionary, and his labors were crowned with marked success. Next came illness. He was attacked with rheumatism in the joints; and, after many unavailing remedies had been tried, came home in search of health, which he found, as you have heard, at certain spas of Germany.

Mr. Channing watched the time-piece eagerly. Unless it had been your portion, my reader, to undergo long, and apparently hopeless, affliction, and to find yourself at length unexpectedly told that there *may* be a cure for you; that another, afflicted in a similar manner, has been restored to health by simple means, and will call upon you and describe to you what they were—you could scarcely comprehend the nervous expectancy of Mr. Channing on this afternoon. Four o'clock! they would not be long now.

A very little time longer, and they were with him—his family, Mr. Yorke, and Dr. Lamb. The chief subject of anxiety was soon entered upon, Dr. Lamb describing his illness at great length.

"But were you as helpless as I am?" inquired Mr. Channing.

"Quite as helpless. I was carried on board the ship, and carried to a bed at an hotel when I reached England. From what I have heard of your case, and by what you say, I should judge the nature of your malady to be precisely similar to mine."

"And now tell me about the healing remedy."

Dr. Lamb paused. "You must promise to put faith in my description."

Mr. Channing raised his eyes in surprise. "Why should I not put faith in it?"

"Because it will appear to you very simple. I consulted a medical man in London, one eminent in rheumatic cases, and he gave it as his opinion that a month or two passed at one of the continental springs might restore me. I laughed at him."

"You did not believe him?"

"I did not, indeed. Shall I confess to you that I felt *vexed* with him? There was I, a poor, afflicted man, lying in helplessness, racked with pain, and to be gravely assured that a short sojourn at a pleasant foreign watering place would, in all probability, *cure* me, sounded to me very like mockery. I knew something of the disease, its ordinary treatment, and its various phases. It was true I had left Europe many years, and strange changes had been taking place in medical science. Still I had no faith in what he said, as being applicable to my own case: and for a whole month, week after week, day after day, declined to entertain his views. I considered that it would be so much time and money lost."

Dr. Lamb paused. Mr. Channing did not interrupt him.

"One Sunday evening, I was on my solitary sofa, lying in pain—as I can see you are lying now. The bells were ringing out for evening service. I lay thinking of my distressing condition; wishing I could be healed. By-and-by, after the bells had ceased, and the worshippers had assembled within the walls of the sanctuary, from which privilege I was excluded, I took my Bible. It opened of itself at the 5th chapter of the second book of Kings. I began to read it, somewhat, I fear, listlessly—listlessly, at any rate, compared with the strange enthusiasm which grew over me as I read, 'Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. And Naaman was wroth . . . And his servants spake unto him and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith unto thee, Wash and be clean?'

"Mr. Channing," Dr. Lamb continued in a deeper tone, "the words sounded in my ear, fell upon my heart like a very message sent direct from God. All the folly of my own obstinate disbelief came full upon me; the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I said, 'Shall I not try the simple thing?' A firm conviction that the chapter had been directed to me that night as a warning, seated itself within me; and, from that hour, I never entertained a shadow of doubt but what the baths would be successful."

"And you journeyed to them?"

"Instantly. Within a week I was there. I seemed to *know* that I was going to my cure. You will not, probably, understand this."

"I understand it perfectly," was Mr. Channing's answer. "I believe that a merciful Providence does vouchsafe, at rare times, to move us by these direct interpositions. I need not ask you if you were cured. I have heard you were. I see you are. Can you tell me aught of the actual means?"

"I was ordered to a part of Prussian Germany, a small place in the vicinity of Aix-la-Chapelle; a quiet, unpretending cheap place, where there are ever-perpetual springs of boiling sulphuric water. The precise course of treatment I will come in another day and describe to you. I had to drink a great deal of the water warm—six or eight half-pints of it per day; I had to bathe regularly in this water; and I had to take what are called douche baths every other day."

"I have heard of douche baths," said Mr. Channing. "Rather fierce, are they not?"

"Fierce!" echoed the doctor. "The first time I tried one, I thought I was never coming out alive. The water was dashed upon me through a tube, with what seemed alarming force, until I got used to it; while an attendant rubbed and turned and twisted my limbs, as if they had been so many straws in his strong hand. So violent is the action of the water that my face had to be protected by a board, lest it should come in contact with it."

"Strong treatment!" remarked Mr. Channing.

"Strong, but effectual. Effectual, so far as my case was concerned. Whether it was the drinking of the water, or the sulphur baths, or the douches, or the pure air, or the Prussian doctor's medicine, or all combined, I was, under God's goodness, restored to health. I entertain no doubt that you may be."

"And the cost?" asked Mr. Channing, with a sigh he could not wholly suppress.

"There's the beauty of it! there's the benefit to us poor folks, who possess but a shallow purse, and that only half filled," laughed Dr. Lamb. "Had it been expensive, *I* could not have afforded it. These baths, mind you, are in the hotel, which is the greatest possible accommodation to invalids; the warm baths cost a franc each, the douche two francs, the water you drink, nothing. The doctor's fee is four and sixpence, and you need not consult him much. Ascertain the proper course, and go on with it."

"But the living in the hotel?"

"It cost me four shillings per day, everything included, except a trifle for servants. Candles alone were extras, and I did not burn much of them, for I was glad to get to bed early. Wine I do not take, or that would have been an extra. You could not live very much cheaper at home."

"How I should like to go!" broke from the lips of Mr. Channing.

Hamish came forward. "You must go, my dear father! It shall be managed."

"You speak hopefully, Hamish."

Hamish smiled. "I feel so, sir."

"Do you feel so, also, my friend?" implored Dr. Lamb, fervently. "Go forth to the medicinal remedy as I did, in the full confidence that our Heavenly Father can and will send his blessing upon it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COTTON RAISING IN THE MIDDLE STATES.—Dr. Q. Emerson, of this city, has published a pamphlet on the cultivation of cotton in the Middle States, which he says was successfully done long before the Southern States took up its regular culture, and which declined only because other crops proved more profitable. On the peninsula between Delaware and Chesapeake Bays it was first cultivated, whence it was carried over into Virginia, and subsequently into the so-called Cotton States. In some parts of Delaware there are isolated cases of its cultivation even at this day, and the plant perfectly matures. The cotton grown in the Middle States is the green seed, upland, or short staple. The Doctor thinks that if the farmers in Delaware and Maryland were to put a portion of their land in cotton, that at the present prices it would pay better than in grain at its present and prospective low prices. No more skill is required than in raising corn, and the picking, drying and ginning are simple processes which common hands can perform. He recommends the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office to distribute a large portion of the 1,400 bushels of Upland cotton seed recently obtained from North Carolina, among the farmers in the peninsula between Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.

A TELEGRAM from Salt Lake City, dated the 22d, says:—"The Indians have stolen the stock from nearly every station between Laramie and Bridger, and killed several men, burned one station, and threaten the entire destruction of the Overland Mail Company's property. The company has, in consequence, concentrated all their employees and property at a few stations for protection, and have abandoned all attempts to carry the mail for the present.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE rebels have fourteen boats at Fort Pillow, now called Fort Wright, besides the steam-ram Manassas. Hollins has arrived at the fort from New Orleans.

THE steamer Yankee went up the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg, on Tuesday of last week, and captured seven rebel schooners and two steamers. The National troops have possession of Fredericksburg, the residents of which have settled down to their ordinary avocations.

BY direction of the President, Brigade Surgeon J. H. Thompson is dismissed from the service as an alarmist, on the advice of Gen. Burnside.

THE Memphis Appeal says the rebel losses at the battle of Shiloh do not exceed 1,000 killed, 5,000 wounded, and 800 taken prisoners, and ascribes the defeat on Monday to the whiskey found in the Union encampments on Sunday night.

GEN. Pope's division has been ordered from Fort Wright to reinforce Gen. Halleck. The whole force left the fort for up the river on the 18th.

PERU is in a state of great alarm in consequence of the European intervention in Mexico. It appears that she fears her turn will come next. A new periodical was to be established in Lima, to treat of American affairs, and the consolidation of the Republican system of government in South America.

GOV. Sam. Houston's son was wounded at the Pittsburg battle, and is a prisoner at St. Louis; also Pierre Soule's son is a prisoner. Slidell's nephew is also a prisoner, taken at Pittsburg Landing.

COL. Carleton, with about 3,000 California volunteers, and a battery, had left the southeastern border of California, on a secret expedition, some say for Arizona and New Mexico, and others for Salt Lake.

THE Ausburg Gazette asserts, on trustworthy authority, that England has succeeded in bringing Spain to her side in the Mexican question, by a promise not to object should Spain take possession of Hayti. [Doubtful.]

A STRONG effort is being made to purchase property in Central America for colonization purposes. It is stated that over thirty thousand dollars has been subscribed for this object in Boston.

THE MONITOR.—An *intelligent as amiable* correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury submits the following *shrewd* plan for overcoming the Monitor:—"Surely nothing can be more easily mastered by the good old British plan of boarding; only let the boarders carry with them sacks of some deleterious substance well known to chemists, and *pour the contents down the grating through which the smoke and steam pass in time of action.* The rats will thus be suffocated in their hole, for an unventilated hole her lower decks appear to be.

THE Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche has intelligence from Nashville that, on the reception of Lincoln's message to Congress on the subject of emancipation, nineteen Federal officers resigned their commissions and returned home. It takes the rebels for news!

THE Special Committee in the case of Senator Starke, of Oregon, has reported that for many months he was disloyal, and still is.

THAT DISPATCH.—Beauregard's dispatch to the rebel Adjutant General Cooper was not intercepted by Gen. Mitchell at Huntsville, having passed over the wires before Mitchell reached there, and about one-third of the reinforcements asked had been sent, and had already reached Corinth. The remainder were collected at Chattanooga, and other points on the railroad, and could not get through on account of the railroad being in possession of Mitchell. The captured rolling stock has been sent to Nashville.

B. H. BREWSTER, Esq., counsel for Gen. Cameron, in the suit of Pierce Butler against him for illegal arrest, has sent a letter to Mr. Seward, calling upon the Administration which ordered the arrest to assume the responsibility of it, and relieve Gen. Cameron of the burthen of defence. In reply, Mr. Seward says that the President avows the arrest as directed by him, and deemed necessary for the prompt suppression of the rebellion.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, the late Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who acted as volunteer aid of Brigadier John C. Breckinridge in the late battle, said to a distinguished Federal officer, after receiving his death-wound, that the rebellion had failed.

A DIAMOND wedding anniversary took place last week at Shutesbury, Mass. Asa Raymond and his wife celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their wedding day, by gathering forty of their descendants around them. The husband is ninety-seven years old, and the wife ninety-six, and their longest term of separation has been a fortnight. Their oldest child is seventy-one, and the youngest forty-five years old.

GEN. MITCHELL still continues his extraordinary march, and has occupied Tuscumbia, having now possession of two hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Gen. Halleck, at Pittsburg Landing, has been largely reinforced.

GEN. BRAGG has transferred the command of Fort Pillow to Gen. Price.

A LETTER has been received by a high official in this city, from Gen. McClellan, giving most enthusiastic accounts of the spirit which pervades the Army of the Potomac.

OUR gunboats on the Tennessee had effected the passage of the Muscle Shoals, above Florence, and penetrated as far as Huntsville, Alabama, where they had captured a quantity of commissary stores.

ADVICES from New Orleans by way of Havana, reports that Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, has been abandoned by the rebels and the cannon taken away. (Doubtful.)

MR. HENRY BUDD, whose will has just been proved in England under £200,000 ($1,000,000), leaves the whole to his two sons, on pain of forfeiture if they wear a moustache!—the property in that case to be applied to the erection of a dwelling for the homeless poor of London. We fear that the latter will see but little of the "color of the money."

THE allies in Mexico have come to a complete rupture. After an unsatisfactory conference, the French general decided to march his troops against the capital, whereupon the English and Spaniards determined to withdraw their troops. The Juarez government has determined to give every satisfaction to the allies in the matter of claims, but refused to listen to the idea of establishing a monarchy, and will retire from the capital if the allies advance.

BEAUREGARD'S ORDERS.—The following document, promulgated at Jackson, Mississippi, by Beauregard, explains why our soldiers were wounded to such an extent. There had been evidently another order, at least, but accident did not place it in my possession:

II. Commanders of companies will instruct their commands that they must aim at the feet of the enemy; it is better to wound him than to kill. The enemy removes his wounded, and his force is thereby weakened.

III. No soldier will assist from the field his wounded comrade; the victory must be won, and to insure success we must not weaken our force by removing our wounded, for the wounded can be better cared for by our winning a victory. Any soldier disobeying this order must suffer instant death. Officers and file closers will see the offender instantly shot.

P. G. T.

PURE SORGHUM SEED.

It is opportune, in the present scarcity of *pure seed* to know, that small quantities may be had, by applying by mail to Mr. I. W. Briggs, Macedon, Wayne county, N. Y.

His supply is a portion of a large and perfectly matured crop, harvested from a field of 100 acres, on the plantation of Hon. R. Peters, of Atlanta, Georgia.

Samples, near an ounce in weight, will be put up in paper bags, with printed directions for cultivation.

Applicants need only send their address plainly written on an envelope, with a one cent stamp on the right upper corner.

An additional one cent stamp for each, will also secure a package of pure French sugar beet seed, and a package of the Connecticut river broad leaf tobacco seed.

In planting sugar cane seed, care should be taken not to have Doura corn, broom corn, guinea corn, or any of the Sorghum family near enough to hybridize. Want of this care has filled the country with impure seed.

RAMS FOR THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The Madison (Indiana) Courier, learns that the steamer Switzerland is to be converted by the Government into a ram, for the purpose of running into, smashing and sinking rebel vessels. She will be taken to the Madison Marine Railway, where the work of preparing her for the service is to be at once commenced. The Lancaster is to be put to a similar use by the Government.

THERE were rumors in Paris that Count Walewski was going to London on a special mission relative to the disagreement as to Mexico.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The foreign news has imparted a little better feeling to the Flour market; about 5500 bbls have been disposed of in lots, mostly for export, at $5@5,25 for common and good superfine, the latter for City Mills; $5,50@5,50 for Western and Pennsylvania extra, and $5,50@5,75 for Western extra family, including some middlings at $4, and fine Flour at $4,87½@5 ₱ bbl; superfine and extras, and from $5,87½ to $6,50 ₱ bbl for high grade family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and all offered taken at $3,36@3,37½ ₱ bbl, the latter in a small way. Corn Meal continues dull, and Pennsylvania Meal is nearly nominal at $2,70 ₱ bbl; about 1400 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat. Sales reach about 37,000 bus, mostly good and prime Pennsylvania reds, at 123@125c in store and afloat, closing with more buyers than sellers at the latter rate, and white at from 130 to 145, the latter for choice Kentucky, which is scarce. Rye is also rather better, and all offered sold at 71@72c for Pennsylvania, in store. Corn has been in good request, with sales of 50,000 bus, mostly prime Southern yellow, at 54c afloat, including some not prime, at 52@53c, and white at 60@62c. The receipts are light. Oats continue in good demand at a further advance, and about 30,000 bus Pennsylvania have been disposed of at 36½@38c, measure, in store. Barley is quiet, the active season being over, and some sales of Pennsylvania are reported on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS continue dull and barrelled meats unsettled and lower. Sales of 300 bbls Mess Pork at $12,25@12,50 ₱ bbl. In the absence of sales of prime we quote at $10@10,50. Sales of Mess Beef at $14@15,50 for city packed; 1200 bbls Graham's sold at $14,60. Bacon.—Sales of 300 casks old and new plain and fancy Hams at 6@9c; Sides at 5¼@5¾c, and Shoulders at 4¼@5¼c, cash and short time. Green Meats are in steady demand, without change in quotations; sales of hams, in salt and pickle, at 5@6¼c; Sides at 5¼@5¾c, and Shoulders at 4@4¼c, cash and 60 day's credit. Lard is in steady demand at previous quotations, and supplies come forward slowly; sales of 1300 tierces and bbls at 8@8¼c, cash, and 1000 kegs at 8¼@9c. Country sells at 7¾@7¾c, cash. Butter—Prime roll is scarce and in demand, while inferior is not wanted; sales of the former at 14@17, and the latter at 9@12c. Cheese is steady at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are rather lower, and selling at 10@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON continues in good demand, and on the advance, with a very reduced stock to operate in, the high views of holders limiting operations to some 350 bales, taken in small lots, at from 18 to 35c, mostly at 25@30c, cash, the latter for middling quality.

ASHES are unchanged, with a small business doing in the way of sales.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, and meets with a limited demand. Some further small sales are reported at $33,50 for 1st No. 1, and 10 hhds of a better brand at $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted; Chestnut is quoted at $12@13, and Spanish Oak at $15@16 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and a few small sales are reported at 33@34 ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is firmer, and rather more active.

COFFEE—The arrivals are light, and the demand fair at fully former figures, with sales of some 2,500 bags, part for export, including Rio at 18@20c, Laguayra at 19@21c, on time, and 1,500 bags of the latter, in bond, at 15c cash.

COPPER is unchanged, and the sales limited to a few small lots Yellow metal at 24c, on time.

FEATHERS are rather scarce, and moving off in lots as wanted at 37@40c ₱ lb, the latter for prime Western.

FRUIT is inactive. Green Apples are rather scarce, and selling from $4 to $4,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples and Peaches sell slowly at about previous rates, and the market generally is quiet.

HAY—The market is unchanged, with sales at 60@70c the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP is quiet, and the sales of both foreign and domestic quite limited.

HOPS continue dull, and about the usual business to note at 15@30c for first sort Eastern and Western. A lot of inferior old crop sold at 7½c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is a quiet feeling in the market for Pig Metal, with some inquiry for Forge for future delivery. Sales comprise about 1500 tons at $22 for No 1 Anthracite; $21 for No 2, and Forge at $20, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is nominal at $24. Nothing doing in Charcoal Blooms. Bar and Boiler Iron are steady and firm, with a good demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hardly so firm, but there is little or no stock here to operate in, and no sales have come under our notice.

LUMBER—There is a fair business doing for the season, with further sales of Yellow Sap Boards at $14, and Laths at $1,25 ₱ M. Shingles are scarce.

MOLASSES of prime quality continues scarce and wanted at fully former rates, and 700 hhds, mostly Cuba Muscovado, have been taken at 26@30c, including some clayed do at 22@23, and Porto Rico at 37@40c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER is coming in more freely, and several cargoes have been disposed of at $3¼@3¾ ₱ ton.

RICE—The market is firmer, but the want of stock limits operations, and a few small sales of Carolina are reported at 7@7¼c ₱ lb. Of East India the sales are also limited at 5¾@6c ₱ lb, mostly cash.

SEEDS—The market for Cloverseed is unsettled and lower, with a small business only to note at $4,50@4,75 ₱ bus, the latter for prime lots. Of Timothy we hear of no sales, and quote it at $1,87½@2 ₱ bus. Flaxseed comes in slowly and domestic is dull at $2@2,10 ₱ bus, which is a decline.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy, and the market is firm but quiet at about previous quotations. Gin is also quiet. In N E Rum the sales are limited, at 36@37c. Whiskey is firm but inactive, with moderate receipts, and sales of barrels at 23@24c, the latter for prime Western, hhds at 23c, and Drudge at 21½@22c.

SUGARS are unchanged, with free receipts and sales, in all some 2,500 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 6¾@7¾c, and Porto Rico at 7¼@8¼c, all on the usual credit, the market closing firm.

TALLOW is rather firmer, and city is in better demand at 8¼, with free sales at that figure. Country is worth 8c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market continues dull, and a small business only to note in most kinds. The stock is very much reduced.

WOOL—The market continues very quiet, and the sales confined to a few small lots fleece and pulled at about previous quotations, the demand being of a very limited character.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1434 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. Cows brought from $15 to 30 ₱ head. 7200 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ lb. 580 Hogs sold at $5,00 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., 319 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 21 & 23 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PERRY DAVIS' celebrated PAIN KILLER is an indispensable article in every household. It has performed more cures, and saved more valuable lives, than any medicine in the market.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

The Rev. M. M. Gower, writing from Makawao, S. I., under date of Feb. 6, 1861, says:—"I am safe in saying that no patent medicine has half the sale on these islands that your Pain Killer has, and certainly no other begins to compare with it in value. Both natives and foreigners use it.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOHN W. HOLLAND, to Miss ANN E. ALEXANDER, both of this city.

On the 3d of Oct. last, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. JOHN HUNTER, to Miss SARAH GETTY, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. S. Willis, Mr. GEORGE K. RICHARDS, to Miss ABBIE F. CHASE, daughter of John G. Chase, Esq. both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Jas. Cunningham, Mr. GEORGE E. RICHMOND, to Miss EMMA PALMER, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. DAVID SHETZLINE, to Miss ELLEN J. SIMON.

On the morning of the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Edward Lounsberry, CHARLES W. MCNEELY, to KETURAH THOMAS, daughter of Wm. S. Pierie, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Right Rev. William Bacon Stevens, D. D., GEORGE BROOK, of Birdsborn', Pa. to MARY BALDWIN, daughter of John H. Irwin, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Washington, D. C., on the 8th of April, PHILIP O'CONNOR, son of Wm. D. and Ellen M. O'Connor, aged 3 months, 1 week and 2 days.

On the 23d ultimo, Miss NELLIE A. BREWSTER, in her 21st year.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Saml. Wheaton, in her 84th year.

On the 20th ultimo, after a lingering illness, Mr. CHARLES MUNSEY, in his 31st year.

On the evening of the 21st ultimo, JOHN F. GIBSON, in his 34th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mr. MARMADUKE ALBERTSON, in his 74th year.

On the 20th ultimo, JOHN W. DERRICKSON, in his 27th year.

On the 21st ultimo, CHARLES VALLANCE, in his 47th year.

On Monday, 21st ultimo, EMILY, wife of the late Rev. W. P. Hinds.

On Saturday morning, 19th ultimo, FREDERICK W. PORTER, in his 71st year.

On the evening of the 20th ultimo, ANN M. wife of Richard Smethurst, in her 65th year.

On Friday evening, 18th ultimo, HENRY P. TRUEFITT, Sr. in his 84th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	5 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	½ dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 30 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 1 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c., supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-1f Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

McFERGUSON'S STYLE.

McFerguson is the prince of bores. In the art of button-holing a fellow and detaining him when he is in a hurry, Mac has no superior. When he gets a fair hold of the lappel of your coat, consider yourself a victim for an indefinite period. From him there is no escape, and when I see him coming towards me, I generally go three blocks out of the way to avoid meeting him. The other day he came upon me unawares, and had me fast before I caught a glimpse of his ugly phiz. I couldn't help myself, and therefore submitted as patiently as I could, to the risk of being talked to death. The beauty of McFerguson's style is to particularize. He is a great stickler for minutia, and he proceeded in his slow, methodical manner, to tell me about a certain Thomas Somebody or other, as follows:—

"Why, how do you do, friend Popkins? You are the very person I wished to see. I've got something to communicate that I know will interest you very much. (I heaved a heart-rending sigh, which would have brought tears into the eyes of a Hottentot, but he, the obdurate wretch, took no note of it.) You recollect Thomas—oh—ah—Thomas—Thomas—let me see—what was his name? His mother married a second time, you recollect, to—ah—oh—s—s—you know, he kept a kind of store where they sold all sorts of—ah—s—you know where I mean, directly opposite to—oh—ah—s—oh, shaw! —I don't *mean* Shaw—directly opposite to what-d'ye-call-em's tavern. He who was arrested for—s—oh—for—ah—oh—confound it! you know what I mean. It happened in the same year that old—old—deuce take it! can't I think of his name?—old—s—ah—oh —s—blame it all! you ought to remember who I allude to. He's got a brother-in-law who went out as Second Corporal in the—ah —oh—s—s—why the devil can't I bring to mind the number of that regiment? It's commanded by Colonel—Colonel—humph! I've got the name on the tip of my tongue—Colonel—Colonel—ah—hum! Oh, by-the-by, you'll know who I mean. It was the same officer who was a Lieutenant during the Mexican war, and distinguished himself at the battle of—of—ah—oh—a—darn it! why can't I think of the name of that battle?—Chere—Chere—Cherebusco—no, not Cherebusco—hum! it's too infernal bad! Oh, now you can tell! On the—on the—the—ah! it's really too provoking that the date has slipped my memory—I'm generally so correct about dates. However, it was fought on the very day that the factory burned down out —out—well, it don't matter about the name of the street. I know that our company was the first to get into service, for we took a plug right at the corner of—ah—oh—s—"

As he released his hold with one hand, for the purpose of pointing out the position of "that plug," I suddenly jerked loose from the other, leaving in it, however, one large-sized lasting-button, to which he is perfectly welcome. I would cheerfully have resigned the whole coat to have escaped sooner, but the thing was impossible. I now positively assert that I would rather sacrifice my entire wardrobe (extensive as it is) than listen to the balance of Mac's yarn. 'Tis even so.

A VICTIM'S HIT AT PERHAM.

A gentleman, living somewhere or other, and who had previously been supposed by his acquaintances to have a sufficient amount of Yankee wit to guard him against humbug, purchased, "once upon a time," a Perham Gift Ticket; but when he "came to himself," and found that the one he purchased was "no go," he sent it back to Mr. P., with the following lines written on the back, which show evident signs of genuine repentance on the part of our friend, and also contain some good advice:—

No splendid farm to loaf on, no gilded pencil-case,
No instrument to thrum on, no trotting nag to race;
Clean gone my silver dollar, dreams of prizes all clean gone,
Naught left me but this worthless card, to scratch my wailings on;
Alas! alas!! oh, Perham—Prince of Humbugs, curse the luck;
But for thy Seven Mile Mirror Gifts I should not have been stuck!
Then hear, oh all ye "flat-heads," ye who covet paltry gold,
If ye fear to draw Dame Fortune's *blanks*, or like me, to be "sold,"
Take this advice, I beg you, 'tis all that I can utter:
Don't buy a ticket, save your cash to buy your bread and butter.

WELL READ IN SCRIPTURE.—A clergyman in Stirlingshire, being engaged in catechizing a number of his parishioners, asked a man of the name of Peter, "How many years did the children of Israel sojourn in the wilderness?" To which he replied, "Forty." "But can you tell me, sir," said Peter, "how many knives the children of Israel brought back with them from Babylon to Jerusalem?" The clergyman paused and pondered, and was at length obliged to confess that he could give no answer. "Well," said Peter, "they just brought back twenty-nine knives. You will find it stated in Ezra, first chapter and ninth verse."

A MUSSULMAN NOTION OF CRINOLINE.—A German journal relates the following anecdote, on the authority of a traveller recently returned from Africa:—"A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home he said to his wives, 'What strange creatures these French women are! Would you believe it? they actually carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!' Such was the idea formed of crinoline by this son of Mahomet."

A CLEAR FIELD.

A good story is told at the expense of a prominent member of the State Senate in these words:—

Our hero, when a candidate for a seat in the Senate, desiring the support of a certain Judge, he sent a friend to bring about an arrangement. The Judge at first declined to have anything to do with the matter, but after much hard pressing, he promised at length to lend his aid on one condition—and that was that Mr. ——— should obligate himself not to steal more than half the time. He said that if that promise was adhered to, he rather thought the candidate would do about as well as the general average. When report was made to the candidate, he indignantly repudiated the bargain, saying—

"I do not want to go into the Senate at all if I am to be embarrassed and hampered in that way."

It is needless to say that he got in, and, being "unhampered," has made a big thing of it ever since.

A SERIOUS JOKE.—A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's. One day an elderly gentleman of the old fogy school blundered into the wrong shop. "Doctor X. in?" "Don't live here," says P., who was in full scribble over some important papers, without looking up. "Oh! thought this was his office." "Next door." "Pray, sir, can you tell me has the doctor many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman was never heard of in the vicinity again, but the story was, that Dr. X. threatened to sue P. for libel. However, he came to think better of it.

LEATHER TRUNK.—The boat has just arrived, and the landing was as usual crowded with cabmen, porters, &c. When the passengers commenced landing, a porter stepped up to a country-looking chap, saying, "Carry your baggage, sir?" "No," was the reply. "Shan't I carry your baggage?" "No! I ain't got any baggage." The porter looked at him for a minute, then very coolly stooped down, and taking hold of his foot, said with an air of astonishment, "Why, master, that's one of your feet, ain't it! Hang me if I didn't think it was a leather trunk!"

A POLISH WEDDING.

As soon as the parties were properly placed, the service commenced, and the noble harmonies which had filled the church died away. The ceremony was simple, differing in nothing from the usual form used in all Roman Catholic countries, except that instead of a plain gold circlet being placed on the bride's finger, as a symbol of eternity, and of the intention of both parties to keep for ever the solemn covenant into which they have entered before God, and of which it is the pledge, there was an exchange of rings. The priest paused in the service when he came to the words, "With this ring," &c., and then, one of the bridesmaids came timidly and gracefully forward, and placed two rings on the open book which he held in his hand. He took them up, one after another, in his right hand, offering up solemn prayers, and pronouncing a blessing over them. He then gave the small one, which had engraved on it the bridegroom's name, Mauritius Mochnacki, and the date of the year, to the bridegroom; and the large one, having the name Jahasie Zalvzianski, to the bride. For one moment, while he pronounced a few words in a solemn tone, they retained them, and then Jahasie, lifting her eyes to the bridegroom's as if to gather strength and firmness for the last solemn act, they exchanged them—the small one, having his name, shone on her finger—while the larger ring encircled his. Immediately on entering the chateau, the bride's veil and wreath were removed by a married lady, and replaced by a cap ornamented with orange-blossoms, entirely concealing her beautiful tresses. Meantime, the bridesmaids had been flitting around her, laughing, whispering, blushing. Presently she took the wreath, which one of them had disengaged, from her veil, and flinging it among them, it fell on the shoulders of a beautiful girl, who was at once pronounced the "bride of the next wedding." Just then several beautiful children of about ten years, having on their arms small silver filagree baskets, filled with tiny bouquets of choice exotics, entered the saloon, and going round through the guests, presented one to each, with a gold pin to fasten it, having a head in the form of a hexagon, each of the sides of which was delicately engraven. On one side were the initials of the bride; on the second, those of the bridegroom; on the third, the day of the week; the fourth, the day of the month; the fifth, the date of the year; sixth, the name of the district in which the ceremony had been performed, of which they are ever after to be preserved as mementoes.

DEPTH OF QUIET PEOPLE.—Some men dawn upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as do the hundred faces you meet in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds, and you have to watch a while before you see that they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, places such as you have often happened upon, where the green turf and the field-flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day or other, you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths close by the side of the daisies and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over and sound deeper, but your line doesn't bring up. What a deep spot that is! you think, and you try another. The reflected daisies seem to smile at you out of the water, the turf looks as green as ever, but there is no shallow spot beneath. You never thought it, but your quiet lake is all around unfathomable. You are none the less impressed from the fact that it is a quiet lake.—*Williams' Quarterly.*

☞ It is not strange that the monarch is haughty; the lion of the people's power crouches at his feet, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne.

YOUNG AND BRAVE, BUT MERCENARY.

DENTIST.—"Don't cry, my little friend. I didn't hurt your sister very much—and besides, your mamma has just given her half-a-dollar."

BOY.—"Boo-hoo! m-m-mayn't *I* have a tooth took out too?"

HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.—Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crowfeet, and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in Heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dewdrop of a summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance towards the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding, day by day, on that love to God and man, which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.—*Dr. Hall.*

OBEYING ORDERS.—One day Washington, sending a dispatch, directed the bearer to cross the river to a certain ferry, and go through the Ramapo Pass to Morristown. The young man, knowing that a nest of traitors invested the pass, ventured to suggest to the commander-in-chief that another road would be the safest. "I shall be taken," he said, "if I go through the pass." "Young man, *your duty is not to talk, but to obey,*" said Washington, sternly. He went as directed, and near the pass was captured, as he was afraid of being, and sent to New York, then in the hands of the enemy. The next day, the dispatches taken from him, disclosing a plan of attacking the city, were published with great parade, and the English immediately began preparations to defend it.

This gave Washington time to plan and execute *another* movement in quite a different direction, and by that time both the British and the bearer found out that the dispatch was meant to be taken.

☞ SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—A certain military chaplain did all he could to prevent his soldiers from falling asleep at church.—Even when reading the text he used to break off in the middle of an unfinished sentence, to call attention to some tired red-coat enjoying his somnolent nods and winks in a distant corner. On one occasion he so mingled Scripture with the intimation, that the ludicrous association gave rise to an irrepressible titter through the congregation. And no wonder, for thus impressively read the chaplain:—"And Abraham said unto Lot (a pause, during which the parson pointed to a slumberer in a retired seat), sergeant, that man's asleep!"

MAPLE SUGAR.—It's right down wicked to take this exquisite crystallization of the life-blood of the beautiful rock-maple, and adulterate it with the common, vulgar brown Havana, that gets the credit of carrying off so much sand. Yet the dealers do it, and then offer the cakes to the unsuspecting consumers. But anybody who has more than once seen the genuine, pure article in cakes and moulds, will never mistake the miserable corruption that is offered in the name of maple sugar. The adulterators deserve to be choked with their own sweetenin'.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In Denmark, they won't marry people who come to the minister without each producing a certificate of vaccination. Certain English people were in the habit of running away to Denmark for the purpose of marrying deceased wives' sisters. Alas! they did not take their certificates of vaccination with them. Who could have dreamed of ill? Well, the only solution of the difficulty was to be vaccinated again—regularly shedding one's heart's blood for love, you see—a thing more often talked about than done.

☞ A lawyer at Lowell having found ninety-five dollars, and returned the money to the owner, one of the papers says that the act may be honest and honorable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURE IN 1900.

Maxwell's Sights, Smiles and Sketches gives this amusing sketch of Agriculture in Devonshire, England, at the present day, and what it *may* be in 1900:

A. D. 1861.

Come, wife, 'tis time for we to rise,
The clock is striking five;
Be quick and get the tatees fried;
Now do, lass, look alive.
I've got to put my barley in,
And now the first of May's come:
I don't know how us shall get on,
If many rainy days come.
I've got to cart out all my dung
And lime to till the tatees;
The land's as wet as wet can be,
How bothered my poor pate is!
There's Brink and Boxer cruel galled,
And Tidy Mare is gripy;
And oats are down, and wheat's a'valled,
And Roger's always swipy;
And all the sheep have got the scab,
And wool's a going down;
And I've to draw my produce in,
Vul vourteen miles to town.
And Lady-day's a'come and gone,
And I've not paid my rent yet.
And Bill, and Jan, and little Joe
Ha' ne'er to school been sent yet.
Us can't get on if times don't mend—
'Tis raly quite alarming:
I only wish my lease was out,
I'm sure I'd give up farming.

A. D. 1900.

Matilda! order chocolate;
It's nearly ten o'clock;
And getting up at half-past eight
Is really quite a shock.
I worked so hard till nine last night,
To prove that last analysis,
That, should my brain be further tried,
I really fear paralysis.
Well, I'll just take a quiet ride:
James, bring my locomotive—
That half-horse power, with trotting spring;
Of health 'twill be promotive.
And, James, do fetch a gallon of
Concentrated Thames water;
I'll just top-dress my cucumbers—
Five acres and a quarter.
Well, here I'm back; I've been all round;
The farm is looking splendid.
What fools they were, some years ago,
To work as hard as men did!
I've heard my grandsire say, his dad
Met with some dreadful losses:
No wonder, when they used to work
With those great horrid horses.
And, James, just touch the telegraph,
And bid my engineer
Turn out six dozen ploughs next week,
To get the breaches clear;
And tell Professor Faraday,
And my sub-chemist, Jones,
To forward, by next Monday's post,
Their last extract of bones.
'Tis time I got my turnips in;
I should not like to mess it;
And as I've only one square mile,
There'll be enough to dress it.
And, James, do turn the battery on,
The wheat is just in flower,
And give it one galvanic shock,
It wants a gentle shower.
And syringe all the cabbage plants
With essence of guano;
And ask Miss Jane to milk the cows
With the new "vaccine piano."
And, James, fetch down my last balloon,
With speed retarding crupper;
I'm going to Barnet fair to-day,
And shan't be back till supper.

TO KEEP BUGS FROM MELON VINES.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says:—Take common cotton batting, separate it into very thin layers, and spread over the plants as soon as they appear, putting a little dirt on each corner to prevent the wind from blowing it off. He has tried it for several years with entire success. The plants may attain considerable size before removing the cotton, which stretches as they grow. If thinly spread the cotton does not interfere with light and moisture.

BEES.

Bees gorged with honey, never volunteer an attack.

Bees may always be made peaceable, by inducing them to accept of liquid sweets.

Bees, when frightened by smoke or by drumming, fill themselves with honey, and lose all disposition to sting, unless they are hurt.

Bees dislike any quick movements about their hives, especially any motion which jars their comb.

One square inch of worker comb contains about twenty-five cells on each side. Hence, a piece of comb four inches by five will contain one thousand workers.

One square inch of drone comb contains about sixteen cells on each side.

REMEDY FOR RINGWORMS.—The North British Agriculturist says that the disease locally known as ringworm or tetter, which shows itself about the head and neck of young cattle, in the form of whitish, dry scurvy spots, can be removed by rubbing the parts affected with iodine ointment. The disease may also be combatted by the use of sulphur and oil; iodine ointment is, however, to be preferred. As this skin disease is easily communicated to the human subject, the person dressing the cattle should wash his hands with soap and hot water after each ointment.

WEIGHT OF MANURE.—A solid foot of half-rotted manure will weigh, upon an average, 56 pounds. If it is coarse or dry, it will average 48 pounds to the foot. A load of manure, or 36 cubic feet, of first quality, will weigh 2,016 pounds; second quality, 1,728 pounds. Weight to the acre—eight loads of first kind, weighing 16,128 pounds, will give 108 pounds to each square rod, and less than 2½ pounds to each square foot. Five loads will give 63 pounds to the rod. An acre containing 43,560 square feet, the calculation of pounds per foot, of any quantity per acre, is easily made.

LIMA BEANS, EARLY.—The American Agriculturist says:—To secure an early crop of this delicious, but late-maturing bean, cut numerous bits of sod two and a half or three inches square, set them above a good bed of manure in a hot-bed, and plant a bean, eye down in each; cover with soil to the depth of an inch. Transplant them in May, lifting the sods without breaking them, and put two or three to a pole in a warm, sheltered spot. Pinch off the top of the vine when about five feet high to still further promote early growth and maturity.

Useful Receipts.

ALLEGED CURE FOR THE PILES.—Take one pound of figs, and one ounce of senna. Chop them together, until they are fine and well mixed. Eat a little of the mixture three times a day, before you partake of food; and in a short time, if you follow the directions, you will be free from this distressing disease.

POWDERED CHARCOAL.—Charcoal dust proves to be even a greater disinfectant and preservative than had been supposed. Rev. Dr. Osgood has exhibited to the editors of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, a cutlet taken from a ham which had been kept eight years completely imbedded in that preparation, and which seemed as sweet as if it had been cured only a single season. Such being the case, charcoal would be invaluable for packing provisions for long voyages in warm climates, and much more attention should be paid to its use.

TO RESTORE HANGINGS, CURTAINS, CHAIRS, ETC.—Beat the dust out of them as clean as possible, then rub them over with a dry brush, and make a good lather of Castile soap, and rub them well over with a hard brush; then take clean water, and with it wash off the froth; make a water with alum, and wash them over with it, and when dry, most of the colors will be restored in a short time; and those that are yet too faint must be touched up with a pencil dipped in suitable colors; it may be run all over in the same manner with water colors mixed well with gum-water, and it will look at a distance like new.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Take six eggs, separate the yolks from the whites; beat the whites on a dinner plate to a snow; beat four yolks with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of flour, and a teacupful of cream; add a little salt, and a very little carbonate of soda: put in the whites of the eggs, and mix gently. Put one ounce of butter in a frying-pan; when hot, pour in the whole pancake. Hold the pan a good distance from the fire for fifteen minutes; hold before the fire to brown on the top. Dish on a napkin. Put any kind of preserved fruit over it. Serve hot.

CEMENT FOR THE TOPS OF BOTTLES OR JARS.—Take equal parts of rosin and brick-dust pounded fine: a lump of beeswax: stew them together, and keep in an old tin, melting it when you want to seal your bottles or jars.

TO STOP CRACKS IN IRON VESSELS.—Mix wood ashes and salt into a paste with a little water; apply them, whether the vessels are cold or hot.

CEMENTS.—8 parts ashes, 3 parts clay, and 1 sand, is said to make a cement as hard as marble, and impervious to water. Liquid glue is good for vases, &c. Loose handles of knifes and forks may be re-fastened by making a cement of rosin and brick dust. Heat the handle, and pour in the cement very hot. Seal engravers do this. Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding one-fifth water, and using a gentle heat; when perfectly melted and mixed it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so fast that the fracture will hardly be seen.

☞ We never comprehended the full import of the term *abstractionist* till Floyd explained it by his wholesale plunder of millions of Government property.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 1, 5, 6, 38, 43, 44, 45, is a county in New Hampshire.

My 2, 14, 19, 23, is a county in New York.

My 3, 24, 40, 35, 9, 15, 18, 28, 31, is a county in Massachusetts.

My 4, 7, 26, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 8, 30, 40, 41, 35, 15, 16, is a county in Maine.

My 10, 17, 34, 43, 45, 13, is a county in New York.

My 11, 24, 12, 37, 23, 16, 40, is a county in Massachusetts.

My 20, 39, 40, 41, 44, 21, 45, is a county in Maine.

My 26, 44, 25, 7, 24, 40, 29, is a county in Connecticut.

My 27, 30, 12, 19, 33, 32, 35, 40, is a county in New York.

My 29, 34, 7, 18, 40, 6, 37, is a county in New Hampshire.

My 33, 9, 27, 33, 6, 40, 33, is a county in Vermont.

My whole was a hero of the American Revolution.

GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 22, 9, 15, 20, 26, is a county in Alabama.
My 17, 18, 10, 13, is a town in Russia.
My 11, 7, 12, 8, 14, is a river in France.
My 18, 5, 19, 24, 25, 17, 16, is a town in Tripoli.
My 6, 23, 19, 21, is a sea in Africa.
My 2, 16, 12, 7, is one of the United States.
My 1, 11, 17, 26, is a county in Kentucky.
My 3, 12, 19, 4, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My whole was a great naval commander.

Newport, R. I. AQUIDNECK.

CHARADE.

My whole is in cottage, and palace and hall,
And is constantly used by the great and the small.
Beheaded, it still is attached to a head,
And of various colors, black, brown, white, or red.
Behead it again, and all heads would lie low
If deprived of its aid, as you probably know.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Look among England's list of kings,
My first—in sound—a nickname, find;
My second do—in sound—when things
Of guilt are tempting you in mind.
Light and graceful, my third—in sound,
Applies to fairies and to pleasure.
Among my whole's contents are found
Mines of wealth and every treasure.

Harrison, Ohio. HARRIE B.

ANAGRAMS ON DISTINGUISHED NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Named a jolly forger.
Hero I—lost Frenchman.
I'm born in luck, so brave.
A ball in March? No!
Men stand it now.
Cure all, bold son.
All follies end, M. V.
See a large ruin bend.
Rule a great ragged pen, B.
That dear visitor. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is wood;
My second is glass;
My whole is cotton.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A. and B., set out from two different cities, C. and D., and travel towards each other, by the same road, but not at the same rate of speed. A. started from the city of C. to travel to the city of D. at the same time that B. left the city of D. to journey to the city of C. When A. had been travelling 26 hours, he *overtook* a drove of sheep; B. *met* the same drove just 24 minutes *before* he came to a river known to be 170 miles from C. When B. had been travelling 40 hours, he was *overtaken* by an express; A. *met* the same express just 43 minutes and 20 seconds *after* he passed a station-house known to be 160 miles from D. A. *met* B. on the way, between C. and D., just 4 hours *before* the drove *met* the express. When the drove and express *met*, it was discovered that the drove must travel 95 hours in order to get to D., and that the express would arrive at C. in 33 hours. Required—the hourly speed of A. and B.; the hourly speed of the drove and express, and the distance from C. to D. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a circular park containing 324 square rods, and it is desired to make a walk around it that shall contain ¼ of the whole area of the park. What should be the width of the walk, and what will be the circumference of the remaining ¾ of the area of the park?

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa. A. D. T.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ The oldest deaf and dumb asylum in the world? Ans.—The grave.

☞ What relation is a Dutchman to an American? Ans.—His cousin German, of course.

☞ What is that which, by adding something to it, will become smaller; but, if you add nothing, will grow larger. Ans.—A hole in a stocking.

☞ Why is an egg like a horse? Ans.—Because it is not useable until it is broken.

☞ Why is a flower out of season like an old coat? Ans.—Because it is seedy.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." DOUBLE REBUS.—Washington, Wellington. (Warsaw, Ale, Shovel, Hazel, Ill, Nelson, flag, Tyrant, Ontario, Noon.) CHARADE.—Kingfisher. MILITARY DRILLING QUESTION.—301 men.